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Senior Acropolis

CLASS OF JUNE 1917

TUESDAY, MAY TWENTY-SECOND, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN

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BAKER PRINTING CO.

CLASS OF JUNE, 1917.

To Mr. Frank Ira Losee

Friend of us all, eager to lend a hand,
And in each hope you held, each work you planned
Your watchword was "Barringer!" Always kind,
Mr. Losee, you have helped us to find
The golden road, Service. Our endeavor
You encouraged—for Barringer ever!
June Seventeen thanks you times without end
For your gameness, your help, yourself, Dear Friend!

Colonel Mulligan's Address

(At the Presentation of the McKinley Flag.)

My young friends, we have assembled for a partiotic service of a minor character, and through the kindness and courtesy of your Principal I am permitted to transfer to the care and custody of the Barringer High School of Newark, the historic "McKinley Flag."

This flag was first thrown to the breeze by members of the "Grand Army of the Republic" on the day and hour when our comrade, President McKinley, signed the declaration of war with Spain in 1898, and was then dedicated and called the "McKinley Flag;" it floated across Washington Street near the Washington Street School, until peace was declared, when it was taken down and not again displayed in public until the death of President McKinley at the hands of a dastardly assassin, when it was draped in mourning and suspended for thirty days at its original station. It was taken down and given to me by my comrades who represented all soldiers and sailors, who defended the integrity and authority of the nation in the war of the Rebellion.

That flag without articulate speech appeals to me, as I trust it does to you, most eloquently. It needs no words. It is itself an oration. It is significant of a brave and loyal obedience to the commands of the nation always and everywhere, since the obligations of citizenship are not restricted to time or place, or to the conflict of arms. It gives encouragement for the future, and will be an incentive for the display of public valor and virtue in all coming time, and with this introduction I give it into the keeping of the loyal and patriotic officers and students of Barringer, and, as you go out, my young friends, from this your alma mater, with your diploma in your hands, may we not hope that you will take with you, in your heart of hearts, that love of country and veneration for the principles for which that flag stands; that devotion which characterized the founders and preservers of the nation "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are born free and equal, endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Upon you, young men, the nation leans for such service as it may require to preserve intact the heritage that has been handed down to you; give it loyally and in that spirit of knighthood that has ever distinguished the followers of the gonfalon of "Old Glory."

In the days of ancient chivalry the candidate for the honors of knighthood was examined in the exercise of arms, in his record of military service; and if duly qualified was given a shield without device and charged to show before God and man such a brave and gracious manliness as to win an emblazonry for it. But in these days the champions of democracy need no such device to show their chivalrous spirit; they have shown on land and sea, in war and peace, the best qualities of genuine knighthood.

"Time was when he who won his spurs of gold
From kingly hands must court the knightly state;
The knell of old formalities has tolled,

And the world's knights are now self consecrate."

And you, young ladies, have an important part to play in the life of the Republic for which "Old Glory" stands; to you is given the opportunity to show the world that the women of America have the virtues of the Spartan mothers. To you is given the work, in a large measure, of the Red Cross and kindred work; to you it is given to see that no modern blind Belisarius wanders penniless through the streets of an unsympathetic community. Live up to the teachings of patriotic Barringer, and you will in part fulfill your most ardent well-wisher's hopes and aspirations.

And now, as I close, may I ask each of you to join with me in the pledge to the flag:

"I pledge allegiance to my flag,
And to the Republic for which it stands;
One nation, indivisible,
With liberty and justice for all."

The Murderer's Ghost

By Lillian S. Pomeroy.

ON a windy evening in November, we settled ourselves comfortably in front of the grate fire in the Y. M. C. A. Before going further, let me introduce Pete Hall, Robert Benson, Tom McGregor, Jack Welsh, and myself, James Wheeler, all ambitious young business men of C—

"What shall we do?" inquired Tom lazily, stretching his feet closer to the fire.

"Why not tell stories?" said Jack.

"All right," I agreed, "but you must start the ball rolling."

"You can take it for granted that Jack has a pretty tale up his sleeve or he wouldn't propose such a thing," remarked Pete. "Come on, Jack, spring it."

"You accuse me wrongly, Peter," replied Jack solemnly. "I haven't any particular story in mind but I remember a little incident that happened last fall which may interest you."

"Ah, I told you so," said Pete. "Begin."

"Well," Jack started, "last October the Joneses had a house party in their country home over one week-end. Of course, you people know Cicely and Sidney Jones, don't you?" He did not wait for an answer. "Three or four other fellows and I from C— were among the guests. We certainly had the jolliest time ever, for there wasn't a 'stick' in the bunch, and that's saying a whole lot for twelve couples.

"On Friday night of our stay, we amused ourselves by roasting marshmallows and apples before the huge hearth fire in the spacious living room. When we were not telling spook stories among ourselves, Mr. Jones kept us in a continual gale of laughter by telling us some of his experiences in China. Things went on in the same lively manner until about half-past ten, when conversation began to lag because I suppose we were all more or less sleepy.

"Cicely, who was looking dreamily out of a window into the dark night without, suddenly uttered a short little 'Oh!'

" 'Why, what's the matter, Cicely?' demanded her mother.

" 'Oh, nothing now, but a moment ago there was the *queerest* light in the graveyard. It just flashed up once and disappeared. Look! There it is again!'

"Instantly we crowded around the window and, sure enough, there was a ghastly blue light playing over the top of a grave. A hush fell over us as we watched the flame flare up and die down, come creeping stealthily up again and crawl licking over the grave like some wild animal seeking its prey, then rise on the wind like the wrath of an evil spirit invoking a curse on the prey it could not find.

"I guess we watched it for over ten minutes when Sidney suddenly said,

" 'Say, father, do you know whose grave that is?'

" 'No, son, I don't. Do you?'

" 'Yes, it's the murderer's. I can tell because it was situated so far away from the others.'

"Mr. Jones nodded. 'I guess that's right.'

" 'O-oh,' said one of the young men, Will Baldwin, in mock alarm. 'It's the murderer's ghost coming back to haunt us!'

" 'To hear you talk, one would think you were afraid of ghosts,' challenged Cicely.

" 'No, *I'm* not afraid of them,' replied Will boastfully, 'but I'll wager you are. I never saw a girl yet who wasn't.'

" 'Well, I'm *not.*'

" 'Really, aren't you?'

" 'No.!'

" 'If you honestly mean what you say, I dare you to go out alone at midnight, and stick a knife in that grave.'

" 'All right,' replied Cicely, 'it's a go! How long have I to wait?'

" 'Three-quarters of an hour by my watch,' Will answered.

"So we waited. Mrs. Jones tried to turn Cicely aside from her course, but the young lady *wasn't* afraid of ghosts, so why shouldn't she go? At ten minutes to twelve Cicely pinned a veil over

her hair, threw a long cape about her shoulders, and, taking a huge butcher knife in her hand, prepared to go.

"'Good-bye, folks,' she called from the door, 'if you don't see me in half an hour, you'll know the murderer's ghost has run off with me.'

"So saying, she was gone into the dark, blustering night outside. Hardly two minutes had elapsed before I noticed Mrs. Jones beckoning to me from the hall doorway.

"'Jack,' she said, 'I know it's just nervousness on my part, but I wish you would follow Cicely to see that nothing happens to her. Don't let her know you're following her and I won't tell the others where you've gone.'

"Accordingly, I slipped into my coat and was soon on the road following Cicely's dim shape ahead of me. Gradually I drew nearer to her. I could tell by the spring in her step that she was no more afraid of a ghost than she was of a kitten.

"When she had almost reached her destination, I concealed myself behind a nearby bush. From my hiding I saw her walk directly up to the grave, raise her knife and, stooping over, plant it in the middle. The soil must have been dry and hard for she had to push several times before it sunk all the way in. A shiver ran through me as I heard the knife crunch deeper and deeper into the packed earth. When she was sure the knife was in securely, with a jerk she started to rise, then suddenly fell over in a limp heap on the grave.

"A thousand ugly thoughts passed through my mind as I rushed to the spot. Perhaps some one had been on the other side of the grave whom I was unable to see on account of the darkness, or perhaps she had cut herself with the knife, or perhaps—

"'Cicely!' I exclaimed, shaking her. 'Cicely!'

"'Oh!' she cried wildly, opening her eyes after some minutes. 'Oh! Is it you, Jack? Something had me by the skirt.'

"'I don't seem to see anything now,' I replied in a would-be-reassuring voice. 'I guess you imagined it. Let's go home. You've had the pleasure of sticking the knife in the grave anyhow.'

"She tried to rise but fell over again. Immediately I saw the trouble. In bending over to plunge the knife in the ground, she had pinned her cape down too, so that she was unable to stand upright.

"'Goodness!' she exclaimed, all her courage restored. 'How foolish I've been! But you really can't imagine how I felt when I couldn't get up. An unreasoning fear told me that something had me, and I fainted. You'll never tell Will Baldwin, will you, Jack?'

"Of course, I agreed to keep mum, and to this day Will Baldwin does not know the truth of the matter."

"Did that really happen?" Bob inquired, when Jack had finished.

"It certainly did," Jack replied positively. "But now it is your turn to tell us a story, Bob."

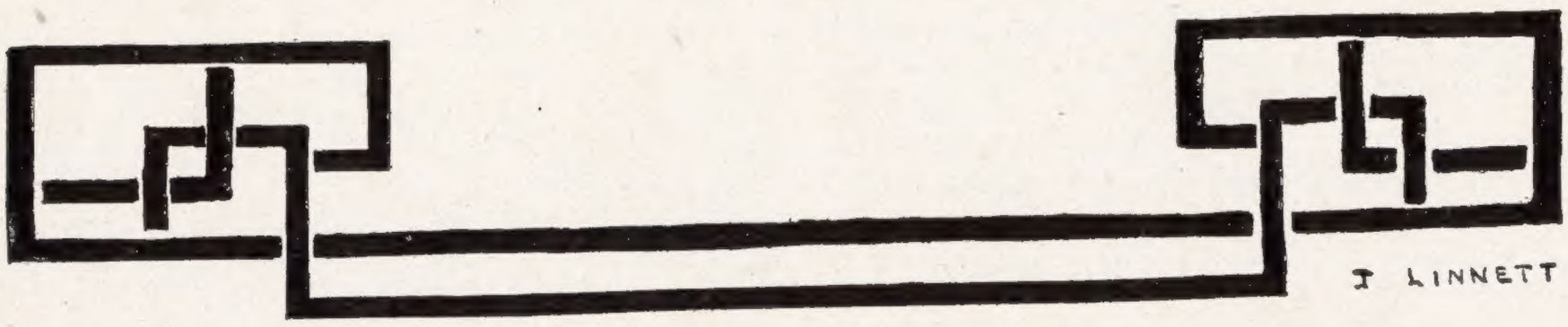
"Not to-night," said Bob, "let's adjourn and go home early and we, too, may see spooks in the cemetery."

ODE.

Always I crave such lovely, poignant things—
  Longing to know the passions of great hearts,
  The silent secrets of the age-old arts,
The illumined mind and the wonderings,
Of the mystic, desiring ever wings,
  To mount the arch of wisdom truth imparts.

O, pigmy heart of mine! such graciousness
  You cannot pluck from life's unchanging toll;
  Such gifts you cannot take—but your own goal
You may define—unmoved by time or stress,
All through the years, nor count your labor less,
  That in a lifetime you have gained a soul!

JULIA E. CLARK.



Military (?) Operations

By Furman Abbott.

"HOLD his legs—"

I gave up, to struggle was useless. I had taken a chance; I had gone beyond my orders and lost. I thought I could do more by getting into their camp and securing some information than by staying with my comrades. Everything went well until, in making my get-away, I was discovered. I lost no time in taking to my heels. To my surprise not a rifle spoke; but, a glance over my shoulder, showed in the darkness the forms of three men in pursuit.

As a youngster, I had run in the field-day. I had raced around the baseball diamond at high school; and, according to the papers, I had skirted the end like an express train at college, but I had never made anything like the speed I had made to-night. But it was no use; my pursuers were faster. When I saw the long wiry hand of the foremost about to fasten itself on my shoulder, I dropped in my tracks. It was an old trick I had learned when a kid, but I couldn't help smiling at the wonderful way in which that fellow measured his length. The others were upon me in an instant. I didn't resist—they were three against one. They bound my arms behind me and walked me back to camp. Although not knowing what my fate was to be I could not help thinking what fine football men these fellows would make if Chief could only get hold of them.

I now had time to examine the camp at leisure. There didn't seem to be much order about the place; the band proved to be merely a scouting party. Presently I was brought before a big ugly-looking chap, who I supposed was in command of the camp. He looked me over from head to foot, and then snapped out what I supposed was a question. I nodded my head "yes," at which he scowled and let out a grunt, so to his following questions, none of which I understood, I violently shook my head in the negative. Because this seemed to please him, I judged that at any rate, I shouldn't be shot at once.

In the morning, several scouts were sent out to ascertain the whereabouts of my party, and extra guards were placed about camp, particularly near the tent in which I sat, bound hand and foot. I didn't mind being left alone, but I didn't want to be kept at camp long either, because I noticed no one seemed overfed. Along about dinner time the scouts returned. Their report didn't seem to cause any excitement so I concluded my comrades were nowhere near, and I had better not count on any help from them.

While I was sitting there pondering, one of the guards bawled out a couple of words in the Mexican lingo. This was followed by a general rush toward the cook tent, so I judged that the fellow said, "Dinner is served." I was hustled out.

I felt obliged to eat what they gave me, but I was glad they didn't overfeed me. As it was, I didn't eat it all but told "James" to save the remainder for supper. I guess he understood because he scraped it off my plate into the big pot.

I was not destined to eat supper here, however. That afternoon I was put on a horse and escorted back over the ridge to headquarters.

They didn't waste any time in preliminaries here. I wasn't even given time to brush the dust off my boots before they ushered me into the officers' tent. In the center I recognized Villa and I'd have sworn the man at his right was Carranza, but I don't think they were on speaking terms just then. "I'll bet the Government would be poorer by that fifty thousand dollar bounty if the boys knew Villa was as near as this," I said to myself.

The other fellow present thought he was an interpreter, so he began asking me my business. It took considerable interpreting on my part to understand him, but I knew what he wanted so I gave it to him wholesale. I got him somewhat mixed up, but he was too polite to ask me to repeat. He retailed it to the other men as they asked for it. I think he told them I ought to be shot immediately and not wait for sunrise, but their better judgment prevailed and the latter course was decided upon.

I was led out again just as the war-whoop from the mess tent announced supper. I took my time eating. My hands were stiff from being in bonds all day and besides, I wanted to think, for before sunrise I must make my get-away.

Darkness had not yet set in so I took a survey of the land. To my delight I discovered one of our own motor cycles behind the officers' tent. This accounted for the disappearance of one of the despatch riders from our regiment some time before, and incidentally provided me with a possible means of escape.

I had been a peaceable sort of prisoner, and this being headquarters, I was not very closely guarded. I might even say I was neglected for they certainly did not tie my hands very securely when they tucked me in bed that night. It was almost morning when I decided it was time to pack my grip and depart. My sleeping partner made noise enough for two, so the guard in front did not hear me as I crept out of my bed and under the back of the tent.

It was but a moment before I was beside the motor cycle, saw there was some gas in the tank, and kicked the starter. The thing went off with a roar, as all good machines should. I was in

the saddle and moving before the guards realized what had happened. I did not, in my haste, fail to wave a fond farewell, nor did they forget a bon voyage, to the tune of a dozen 30-30's whistling past my ears. By this time it was light enough to see the way pretty well, so I opened the throttle and tore across the desert at about sixty-five or so, kicking up enough dust to be mistaken for a sandstorm.

I knew the gasoline in the tank wouldn't take me all the way home, but a little canter on "Shank's mare" wouldn't hurt me. I figured on picking up so big a lead, that my pursuers wouldn't stand a chance of overtaking me. My mount was faster by about forty miles or so than any of their horses. The prospects of that fifty thousand loomed up big before me; all in all I felt pretty well satisfied.

When the dying gasp of the motor told me that the tank was empty, I took the big colt, that was still strapped to the machine and kept right on moving, one eye watching behind me for the gentlemen to whom I had just made my "adieus" and the other on the watch for friends. The eye first mentioned was the first to be rewarded. Far behind, just coming over the second hill I saw the greasers, two in number. Before they came into sight on the top of the next rise their number had been cut in half. Those prairie-dog holes are death to horses.

As soon as he was in range of my pistol, I opened fire. He seemed to want me alive, and my shots didn't seem to bother him much, so he kept right on coming. As luck would have it, I put his horse out of commission, but even then he didn't shoot back, that Mexican just picked himself up and started running after me. I judged he must be bullet-proof so I started running too.

We ran what seemed to me a pretty long distance, then I shot a glance over my shoulder. There was that confounded Mexican not much nearer, but still too near for comfort. I redoubled my efforts.

Under the rays of that scorching desert sun, no one can last long at hard labor, and, believe me, I was laboring hard. Pretty soon specks began to dance in front of my eyes and I began to see all sorts of queer things. I glanced back again and then I thought I was out of my head. There was my friend running the other way, making considerable speed, too. I glanced to the west and realized the cause for his change of direction. There was a group of khaki-clad horsemen coming down the slope. The terrific heat and exertion had had their effects upon me however. I swayed dizzily for a moment, then closed my eyes and fell.

* * * * * *

I tried to kick, but my legs felt as heavy as lead. I tried to move my arms but couldn't—they felt glued to my sides. Someone was slapping my face—why don't they leave me alone, I thought. The next minute my eyes opened and I gave a wild shout for water.

"You can't have any water until tomorrow," came the quiet voice of the doctor. "Water and ether do not mix well, you know. One would think to watch you that you were going through the war instead of only coming out of an operation."

SPRING.

Spring is here with all her grandeur,
  Spring the blossom of the year,
Coming with her sacred blessings,
  With her days so bright and clear.

Spring is here with beaming sunshine,
  With her birds and butterflies
Waking from their winter's sleeping
  To the shining world's surprise.

Spring is here with bonny violets
  Ripened by the dew of morn,
Shedding forth a radiant beauty
  With a charm eternal born.

Spring is here with fragrant breezes
  That to youth bring great delight,
Up above clouds, white and fleecy
  Sailing, sailing clear and bright.

MILTON FINKELSTEIN.

They Also Serve

MARGARET S. JACOBY.

THE auditorium was packed. Old Glory hung triumphantly in the foreground. From behind the velvet curtain they were coming, one by one—stiff, straight—with abrupt turns and heel-clicks—striving vainly to make their faces as wooden as their bodies—striving vainly to seem unconscious of the thousands of eager eyes fixed on their wonderful uniforms, their awe-inspiring medals!

It was no wonder that Jim was excited. They *were* splendid—and stirring! *That* was the life for a regular fellow! No more chores around the house. No one to say, "Do put on your rubbers—and *don't* throw your books around in that careless fashion!" No more home-work! Only drills and guns and a handsome uniform—and the admiration of all the pretty girls. If only he were three years older—so that he could join the National Guard! He would fight for the dear old flag up there. And perhaps she—the being respectfully adored from a distance—would look at him with an admiring glance such as she was now bestowing on those envied (but quite unsuspecting) soldiers on the platform,

Again the velvet curtain stirred. This time there came a man in business clothes—practical—a bit self-satisfied—of the sort who is inclined to finger his watch chain, and pride himself for his "horse sense." Yet he was undeniably well-meaning, and rampantly patriotic. He began a most dramatic address—it touched the melodramatic in parts—but it swept his young audience in a tidal-wave of enthusiasm. All, *all* were needed, regardless of age and experience! Their homes were threatened! Their flag was being insulted! Would every boy present who was willing to enlist, provided his parents consented, please raise his hand?

A sea of hands rose on the instant—Jim's among them.

Would all those who had raised their hands please step forward and sign this paper?

An instant of hesitation—then they came—flocks of them—some with eager, uplifted eyes—some with doubt, hesitation, on their young faces—some flushing an embarrassed red.

Jim was an impulsive boy, but he found time, when he had reached the platform, to glance at Her, to be thrilled by the fact that She was gazing directly at him. But why was she frowning? And what, just then, made the thought of his mother, for the first time, rise suddenly before him?

* * * * * * * *

It was hard to tell his mother. You see, he was all she had. Father had died so long ago. However, she only turned rather pale, and murmured, "Enlist? But— you are— so young, dear."

"Oh, mother!" protested Jim, "didn't I tell you he said that didn't matter? And it's fairer that I should go than some fellow whom folks are dependent on him. You don't need me, you know." (We must forgive him that, as she did. He was very young and did not realize his cruelty.) So she gave her consent— quietly and bravely.

Jim was highly elated. But that evening he caught her weeping softly over the mending she was doing for him. She cheered up at once—was very jolly and gay, doing her best to make him forget his discovery. But Jim went to bed that night in a distinctly sober frame of mind.

It was not, however, until next morning that his struggle really began. During the school assembly one of the pupils read aloud President Wilson's quiet, yet forceful, plea for farm laborers. Jim hated to admit that there was any choice to make—but he was too sensible not to face facts. On one side was travel, action at the front of things, tangible honors to win, and Her approbation; on the other, hard, monotonous work, the chance of being thought a slacker and a coward— and less worry for the Little Mother.

Jim failed in all his recitations that day. In the afternoon he visited the principal's office.

It was late when he started home. She was sauntering along about a block ahead. He hurried and overtok her, bashfully doffing his cap.

"Hello, Jim," she nodded brightly, "what kept you in so long?"

"Oh, I was getting this," handing her the paper in his hand. Then, after a moment's pause— "Rather cheap looking, isn't it?"

She looked up from his certificate of enlistment in the Junior Army of Farm Workers, with a frank and understanding smile. "Not a bit of it!" she said. "You've paid a high price for it, but that makes it mean more. You'll be doing good service, and at the same time making your mother happy. And that, you know, is well worth while."

Scars of Battle

By Albert B. Sachs.

THEY were seated in the ante-room of the great Hall of Heroes in Valhalla, one wounded, bleeding, another maimed, and still another, gaunt, pallid, but without a mark on him.

It was to him, that the other two turned.

"Now, comrade, for what deed are you sent to secure admittance to Valhalla? You wear the uniform of the Service, but what deed have you done worthy of a place in Valhalla, the Abode of the Courageous?

"In time, comrade, in time; but where did you win your spurs? You surely have seen the terrors of war." He addressed the one bleeding from ghastly facial wounds.

"Comrade," he began, "I was an American. I was studying for the ministry when this war broke out. God came to me. I saw the way. My lot was to minister to the body, not the soul. I entered the Red Cross Service as a nurse. With many others, I embarked for the battle-front. Our vessel was not a speedy one, so on our way we busied ourselves making bandages and sterilizing instruments to pass away the time.

"I confess I wasn't interested in this labor. I was totally unfit for it. I had no aptitude for making bandages and I was too clumsy with my hands to handle the delicate instruments. I found my work, however. As I idled about ship, the third day out I saw a mechanic tinkering with a motor car chassis. I watched him eagerly. Soon I was helping him. Then while working, he explained to me that he was tuning up the motor for a Red Cross ambulance.

" 'The machines get mighty hard knocks at the front, and any extra care now saves a lot of trouble later. The boys can drive, but they haven't time to care for the cars. I test and tune up every motor that goes over on this boat.'

" 'Will you teach me?' I asked him. 'I enlisted as a nurse, but I know now my duty is to bring in the poor fellows to the hospitals.' "

* * * *

"After we landed in France, at the Red Cross headquarters, I asked to be transferred from the Nursing Department to the Ambulance Corps. I had had no experience as a driver, but the mechanic on the boat had taught me well. I took the wheel like a veteran. Finally an ambulance was assigned to me and I was told to report at the front. Here I was under the command of the doctors, and brought in wounded soldiers whenever they told me to.

"I was put right in the midst of the fighting. At night we would go out in our ambulances, and, with a doctor, take the wounded men from the battlefield to the first line hospital. Until last week I worked unharmed. Last Wednesday after I had filled my ambulance I started back. On the way a star-shell burst over my head.

"The enemy was making a night attack. I sped up my car, but it was no use. A shell exploded near me. The noise deafened me, the light blinded me, and splinters rained all over me. Staggering pains shot through my whole body. Every move I made tortured me. My jaw felt as if a thousand needles were piercing it. I rubbed it with my hand. My hand came away bloody.

"Somehow, I cannot tell how, I arrived at the first line hospital. I stepped out of my seat to report, when I collapsed. When I woke again I was here, in Valhalla waiting for admittance to the Hall of Heroes. On earth, they say I died."

Just as he finished, the doors leading from the ante-room to the Hall of Heroes opened. A Valkyrie maiden came out and addressed them:

"Come, ye courageous, and seek admittance. Tell your tales, and know if ye are worthy to sit at Wotan's table."

Silently the three arose and entered the great Hall. At the end opposite the doors, Wotan sat on a raised throne of carven oak, black from age. In two rows, along the length of the vast Hall, at long, oaken tables, burdened with food, sat a gathering of men such as mortal never saw. Fierce Vikings, swarthy Turks, Arabs, Indians, Puritans, Martyrs, soldiers of the Revolution, Frenchmen, Englishmen, men of all sorts and ranks were there.

As the silent three, appalled by this spectacle, walked down the Hall towards Wotan. He arose.

"Halt!" he said. "Advance no further. First recite your claims to sit with us at this festal board in Valhalla."

Amidst an expectant silence, the man of the Red Cross told his story. Then the man with but one leg spoke.

"I was an Englishman while I lived. I served my King faithfully, until one day our Lieutenant gave orders to charge! We obeyed. The Germans raked us down. Too late came the order to retreat. I started back, when I saw my Lieutenant wounded, lying in No Man's Land. I took him on my back and crept toward our trenches. A shell exploded near us. It tore away my leg, but I knew it not. Here am I."

In the silence that followed, a man in officer's uniform arose from the table.

"Mighty Wotan," he said, "it is the truth. He saved me."

Once more all the hall was silent.

The pallid, gaunt, but unscarred one stood forth. Wotan addressed the man. "How come *you* here? You bear not the marks of battle."

"Oh, Wotan, hear my story and decide then whether I, unmarked by wounds, deserve admittance to these halls.

"I, too, was a soldier for my King. My place was at the front. My duty was to warn my comrades of the billowing deadly, poisonous gas clouds rolling to work their havoc on them.

"I was stationed in a pit far beyond the trenches of my comrades. I had a telephone, connecting me with my comrades, and a helmet to protect myself from the gas clouds as they enveloped me in their fumes. At first my task was easy; the gas, dense, greenish, hued, rolling and spreading like a mist, was easily seen. I had time to don my helmet to protect myself before I warned my comrades.

"But soon the enemy made another gas, deadlier than the first, subtler, and invisible. Detection was imposible now. The day of the first attack was a clear, windy one. The wind blew steadily across our trenches. When the first onset of the gas came, I had my helmet off. The gas, suffocating, nauseating, filled my lungs. My limbs felt like lead. My senses were rapidly leaving me. The wind freshened, and I knew if I reached for my helmet and then telephoned it would be too late. So I did my duty."

When he finished speaking, a mighty shout rang through the Hall. "He is brave. Let him enter with the other heroes, into our midst and dwell forever with the Brave in Valhalla."

Dimples

(AN EPIC.)

Such dimples dance upon your cheek—
  Such dimples—dimples three!
In your eyes play at hide and seek
  Dimples cute—dimples three!

Know you who owns the dimples
  The poet is forlorn?
She ever wished for dimples
  At midnight and at morn!

To see your dimples come and go,
  Ah! 'tis a pleasant sight!
You see I do love dimples so!
  Such dimples, darling-bright.

Tell me, are you fed on sweets
  To make those dimples grow?
Does it matter what one eats?
  (I *do* love dimples so!)

For wit, worth, wealth, I do not care.
  Such things are not for me!
But dimples cute—for dimples fair—
  I'd go most anywhere.

They're worth far more than gold
  Those dimples—one, two, three!
They have the power to hold—
  And then to laugh at me!

I am not wiser in the *head,*
  Than other maidens be!
But my *heart* is not quite dead
  To dimples! one! two! three!

JULIA CLARK.

The Power of Orpheus

LILLIAN RUTH HANDLER.

AUTOCRACY must fall! The United States has entered the war to eradicate autocracy. President Wilson's memorable words were foremost in all hearts:

"There is one choice we cannot make, we are incapable of making; we will not choose the path of submission and suffer the most sacred rights of our nation and our people to be ignored or violated."

It was one day during this crisis that Lilha and her fiancé, Albert, joyfully rushed into the library where Lilha's mother was deeply engrossed in the newspaper.

"Mother, Albert has enlisted," Lilha proudly burst out. But her mother was silent. "Mother are you not glad?"

"Enlisted! Lilha, I fear you do not understand what this means. It means you may never see him again."

"Mother," pleaded the girl, "do not talk so, you know I could never stand that—but," she faltered —"yes! I gladly risk even my love for my country."

Albert stepped closer. "Sweetheart, you have a noble spirit. Our love for each other must be second to our love for our country. God's Will Be Done."

"My dear daughter and son, for you are already that to me, Albert, come sit down and let me relate a parallel to your sacrifice." The two lovers obeyed, in eager desire to hear. The mother began:

"When I saw you two, so happy in your youth and love, come in through the garden, I thought of the 'Garden of Orpheus,' and when you told me Albert had enlisted the story connected with that garden flashed vividly before my mind. That is the reason I hesitated so."

"Are you referring to dear Miss Monroe's garden, mother?"

"Yes, dear, I am about to relate Iona Monroe's tragic life; made so by the Spanish-American War. Iona was the personification of Music and Poetry. I can see her now; her large, soft, brown eyes like two sparkling stars set in a perfect face. And the expression on her face—the passion for music and poetry—beams upon me now, as it did on everyone in this town eighteen years ago.

"Iona spent most of her time in the 'Garden of Orpheus.' This garden was her mother's dowery when she married Sidney Monroe. All the evils of life were excluded from this paradise where beauty, music, innocence, and love reigned. At Iona's eighteenth birthday, her knight appeared in the person of Lieutenant Le Roy Stanley. He was about Albert's size and appearance—tall, broad-shouldered, manly.

"Le Roy won his Iona not through the power of a silver tongue, as most lovers do, but through the power of Orpheus. They would sit on the marble seat by the beautiful fountain which was supported by the Nine Muses and here, among the beauties of nature, Le Roy would reincarnate Orpheus through his violin.

"Iona's favorite was *'Orpheus and Eurydice,'* by Gluck. Le Roy played this so masterfully that the hearer unconsciously visualized Pluto seated upon a throne, adorned with jewels and yet surrounded by a gloomy atmosphere, with Orpheus seated below, playing his lyre. The intonations from the violin revived Orpheus' magic music which won the heart of Pluto and regained his lost Eurydice. Another selection greatly enjoyed by Iona was *'Ich Liebe Dich.'* In this masterpiece of Grieg, Le Roy combined the technique of the composer with his strong love for Iona. Is it a wonder, then, that Iona, the soul of music itself, should have been fascinated by it?

"In this manner they spent their days in ecstacy until the peace of the garden was disturbed forever by the Spanish-American War. Oh! my heart aches when I recall the eve of Le Roy's departure. It was a lovely evening with the lamp of heaven illuminating the garden. Iona and Le Roy entered their garden for the last time together. The farewell was *'Orpheus and Eurydice'* and *'Ich Liebe Dich.'* These selections influenced Iona's later life.

"The war progressed with a new victory every day; but gain in war is paid in full by loss of some one's happiness. Iona participated in the rejoicing over the victories; but one night she was very restless, a horrible dream tormented her. She lay awake much of the night and early in the morning heard a newsboy shout, 'Extra, extra, Santiago captured!' Iona purchased a paper and read 'Santiago taken with loss of 1,500 men.' Fearfully her eye ran down the lists of the dead until it rested on Le Roy Stanley, Lieutenant—That was all.

"When she opened her eyes again she was in bed; her father and a doctor standing near her.

" 'You will be well soon, Iona dear, please do not worry,' she heard her father say.

" 'But, father—Le Roy—' she faltered, but could not finish her sentence.

" 'Yes, dear, but you must be brave; it was for your country.' Soon her glance rested lovingly on a silk flag Le Roy had given her before he departed. The doctor understood and handed her the flag. She kissed it and, sobbing, fell asleep.

"For some months Iona bore her grief nobly. She was proud of Le Roy's heroic fight and his

sacrifice of life for the liberty of others. But soon her strength gave way and the agony of her loss unbalanced her mind.

"Day after day, Iona would go into the garden, now so transformed that even the birds had ceased singing. She would remain there from morning till night re-living the experiences of those happy days. She would converse with the withering flowers and the Muses of the fountain. At times she would recite:

'Comes a cry from Cuban waters—
From the warm, dusk Antilles—
Drowned in blood as drowned in seas;
Comes a cry of purpled anguish—
See her struggles, hear her cries!
Shall she live, or shall she languish?
Shall she sink, or shall she rise?

'She shall rise as rose Columbus,
From his chains, from shame and wrong—
Rise as morning, matchless, wondrous—
Rise as some rich morning song—
Rise a ringing song and story,
Valor, love personified.
Stars and stripes espouse her glory,
Love and liberty allied.'

"Mr. Monroe's life was also shattered. His source of joy and light was cut off and sorrow sat heavy upon his heart.

"One of Le Roy's most intimate friends was a doctor. When he learned of Iona's state, he decided to try to help her. Upon appealing to Mr. Monroe for an interview with his daughter he was at first refused. 'Why,' Mr. Monroe said, 'the most renowned specialists have failed, surely you, a young, inexperienced doctor, can do no better,' but at last he consented.

"The next day Iona was in the garden, as usual. She was seated near the fountain of the Muses. Her melancholy eye gazed off into space. She started, glanced about, and inclined her ear attentively. Gradually her face became transformed. Music again had come into her soul. She brushed back her hair from her forehead in the manner of one awakening from a dream. She arose and sang *'Orpheus and Eurydice'* and then *'Ich Liebe Dich.'* As she finished and turned she saw her father and ran toward him with outstretched arms. 'Daddy,' she exclaimed, 'why have you neglected me so? I have not seen you for ever so long. We have won the war, have we not, father?'

"Mr. Monroe kissed his restored daughter whose life thereafter was devoted to her father and to charity till she was called away from this world to the land where lovers are never more parted."

"Now I comprehend the cause of that longing look which dwelt in Miss Monroe's eyes," Albert spoke. "The women are the heroes of war; not the men."

"Children, we must all sacrifice and suffer for our country. Albert, I am proud of you, and, Lilha, you are as brave as Iona. I know this story will not discourage you; I did not so intend it to."

"Lilha, we shall trust in God and all will be well," and kissing daughter and mother, Albert departed for the war that is being fought for a "universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all the nations and make the world itself at last free."

When Green Things Stir

The fiery golden light of sunset streams
From the fast-closing portals of the West,
And soft beneath its Midas-charmèd gleams,
By glory kindled and by glow caressed,
In murmuring silence and faint-moving rest,
The green things stir.

A hundred new-born leaflets cling and sway,
And move with strangely individual life;
On mighty bough and graceful bending spray,
With feeling gifted and with spirit rife,
In languorous effort and in loving strife,
The green things stir.

What wondrous gift a sunset in the spring,
A glimpse of nature facing the new year
In verdant resurrection, oft can bring
To one with eyes to see and ears to hear—
An active charity and quiet cheer,
When green things stir.

MARGARET S. JACOBY.

THE ACROPOLIS

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Editorials

EXCEED THE SEED LIMIT!

NOT all of us can enlist in the marines or join the National Guard, but everyone of us can shoulder the rake and hoe, be we girls or boys, and under organized supervision, or in our own smaller way, cultivate the soil. Perhaps the scene of our activities will be a farm with hard work and formal compensation, perhaps a vacant lot, perhaps a two-by-six plot in the back yard. But, however that may be, let each one of us resolve to grow something, somehow, somewhere!

It is a patriotic duty— a necessary one! To be sure, preparing the soil to receive the seeds, nursing the little sprouts, weeding, hoeing, is all hard physical work requiring energy and intelligence. The never-ceasing routine is often monotonous, for you know "Mother Nature takes no days off."

But to my mind, gardening offers a fine opportunity to us younger people "to do our bit." Of course, there is no excitement, no fine uniform, no universal applause. But tilling of the soil, systematically, indefatigably, enthusiastically, is a practical and splendid expression of patriotism. No! it is not as dramatic or as picturesque as enlisting. I grant you that! But, perhaps, it is nobler!

Some may say with their usual self-solicitude. "Yes, that is all very fine, but what do I get out of it?" Such an attitude is natural, no doubt, if not commendable. What shall we get? Some very priceless things whose lack we, probably, never felt before. We shall get that saneness and wholesomeness, which everyone who comes in tact with growing things does acquire, a comprehension and appreciation of the amount of labor which the production of our food requires. We shall get a wider sympathy, a finer point of view from our daily communions with Mother Earth. We shall get increased chest expansion, hardened muscles and the exhilaration which follows hard physical work—beside the flowering beds of plants, and the armfuls of crisp vegetables!

The returns from gardening are generous. As a hard and fast proposition, what business offers more?

WAR AND THE COLLEGES.

The colleges in this country have been sadly depleted by the present war. Upon our entering this struggle, many of their men enlisted in the different branches of the United States service. Of the upper class students in Princeton there remain only a very few. The same thing is true in other colleges. However, the men of some universities were not reached by the first wave of enthusiasm, which carried before it so many others. These men have been advised by the Government to remain where they are, and to drill there. This they are doing with practically the whole student body taking part. Thus the men are being prepared to become officers, when they are needed by the country. For, in time of war, the Government is looking to the colleges for the additional number of officers which West Point and Annapolis cannot furnish.

Just as many men should enter college this fall as in times of peace. Indeed, many more are needed, since this spring a much larger number will have left the colleges than under ordinary circumstances. Hence, it is the duty of every high school fellow, who can go to college to do so and thus prepare himself for effective service, when he is called upon. It is a fine display of patriotism for a fellow, under twenty-one, to enlist as a private, but he would be doing a far greater service to his country, by preparing himself to take a position of responsibility when he attains the proper age.

Throughout the war the universities of Europe have been sending forth multitudes of efficient officers. Let us do our best to help the colleges of this country fulfill their equally important duty to their Government.

JUST ADS.

Just a word in regard to business matters. Our advertisers claim that their "ads" in the ACROPOLIS bring few or no results. It seems a pity that a paper so thriving as the ACROPOLIS is in many ways should lack for advertisers. This situation is due chiefly to two causes: first, we Barringerites do not one and all make it a point of honor to patronize those who advertise through our columns; and second, we frequently fail, when we do buy their goods, to mention the ACROPOLIS. We do not ask business people to do "charity advertising." This is not necessary, for in a school the size of Barringer, surely each pupil can find *one* advertiser who carries an article of which he is in need. * * * Beside the fact that we *ought* to patronize ACROPOLIS advertisers and thus encourage them to continue and others to begin, most business houses offer a substantial discount to high school students, which in itself should influence all of us to visit their shops. Furthermore, we can safely say that the firms represented in the ACROPOLIS are absolutely reliable. Every one may rest assured they will give him a square deal every time. * * * So the next time anyone tells us

that we Barringer students do not "play fair" in so far as "ads" and reciprocal trade are concerned, we shall tell them that they are mistaken, and that we are going to prove it in true Barringer fashion. *Please* bear this constantly in mind, and thus encourage both our advertisers and our business manager.

IT IS TRUE!

When the fever of spring gets into the blood of a youth, he changes into a delirious young animal whose actions resemble those of a colt. Just imagine a school building full of these high-spirited, untamed colts. That's what our school would be like if we did not suppress our over-abundance of bubbling spirits. At times, it seems as if we were unable to do this, as many members of the faculty will agree. Let us correct this tendency. There is no real efficiency where there is either languor or an exuberance of youthful spirits. These two demons, who conspire to reduce our grades, must be conquered or we shall suffer for it later. The average boy is notoriously short-sighted and therefore does not see future or present events in their perspective. Finals and college entrance exams loom on the near horizon. This is an age of preparedness. Begin now by preparing your daily work satisfactorily.

"FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW!"

TO MR. LOSEE.

Mr. Losee, our class adviser, has stuck by us through thick and thin. His counsel and optimism have helped us over many a rough place. His helpfulness has been of such a personal nature that many of us will feel lost without him.

Mr. Losee has never seemed like a member of the faculty to us, but rather one of us, sympathetic, interested, and sincere!

We thank Mr. Losee for his friendship, and assure him that of all the pleasant memories of B. H. S. we shall carry away with us, the recollection of our many good times together will be the pleasantest!

JUL. CLARK.

BASEBALL.

Why is it our baseball games are so poorly attended? We want to know! Our football games are always loyally supported—not so our baseball games. Except for a few fellows very much interested in baseball, there are hardly any "rooters" at our games. Are you not all interested in the success of the school in every branch of endeavor? You know what a help it is to a team to have an enthusiastic cheering section behind it. When Jack asks you to go down town to a show after school or invites you to "flivver" aimlessly about town with him in his car, get him by the shoulder and reel off the excitement and fascination derived from the baseball game at the City Feld with so much vim and vigor that Billy Sunday would hide his head for shame, if he could hear you!

Is that a "go," Ted? Put it here and remember that we are all behind the team, win or lose, and we're going to get some of our representatives out to back our statements up!

Patriotic Honor Roll

JUNIOR AGRICULTURAL ARMY.

Dan Ecker, R. 25.
Robert Connor, R. 81.
Harry Goodman, R. 76.
Wallace Storch, R. 63.
Edward Gibbons, R. 66.
Alexander Patten, R. 65.
E. M. Birdsall, R. 91.
Galliano Addoinzio, R. 25.
Thomas Savage.
Joseph Wludyka, R. 51.
Harold Spinning, R. 67.
Isadore Finkelstein, R. 45.
Harold Keating, R. 65.
Norman Roder, R. 36.
Fred Townley, R. 32.

COPPER WORKS FOR THE GOVERNMENT.

Nat Farnham, R. 81.

NAVY.

H. Lloyd Cox, R. 76. Apprentice seaman.
Frank Stanley, U. S. Battleship *Missouri.*

ARMY.

Leslie Raymond Casler—21 Co. Section C., Fort Ethan Allen, Vt.
Mauris Van Valen, Ft. Meyer, Va.
Russel Blackman.
Paul A. Waters.

Battery C—East Orange.

1. Lansing Ten Eyck.
2. Frederick Dehart.

Engineering Corps.

1. Gerard Abbott.

Essex Troop.

1. Burton Barling.
2. Barton Strahan.
3. Howard Maze.
4. Charles Pilling.

OFFICERS' RESERVE CORPS.

Paul Adams, June, '11.
Louis Popper, Jan., '15.
Lloyd Slicker.
Joseph McDonough, June, '13.
William C. Foster.
William Forsyth.
John L. Forsyth.

AMBULANCE CORPS—FRANCE.

Charles Hopkins.
Donovan Axtell.
MacLaren Witsell.

J. Allan Machin, Roosevelt Legion.
Herbert A. Urmy, Naval Reserve (Newport).

HONOR ROLL FOR APRIL.

Room 25. Mildred Cozzone, Mildred Goodman, Edith Miller.
Room 26. Mildred Hammell, Marguerite Schlueter, Helen Sheehan.
Room 35. Richard Sweet.
Room 37. Charles Amsterdam, Anna Kabis, Anna Trolan.
Room 41. Wesley Alheit, Edmund Cox, William Gleim, Russell Sherman.
Room 43. Marian See.
Room 50. Bessie Johnston, Harriet Lalter, Marion Smith, Teresa Walsh.
Room 51. Louis Hanengieser, Frank Seibe, Charles Smith, Walter Weinberg.
Room 55. Margaret Jacoby, Edith McEwen, Harris Mendelson, Irving Ams, Isidore Hapland, Edith Potaker, Saul Zucker.
Room 56. Etta Bender, Burke Boyce, Richard Livehan, Jean Urquhart.
Room 47. Sidney Ramo.
Room 59. Francis Gourdinier, Muriel Reiss, Marguerite Rusby, Kathryn Wotiz.
Room 60. Anna O'Malley, Emily Wahl, Dorothy Work.
Room 61. Mary Fisher, Evelyn Gardner, Marion Smith.
Room 63. Agnes Poole, John Dana.
Room 65. Rachel Bradley.
Room 66. Elsie Steinmetz.
Room 67. Ruth Kilpatrick, Louis Zuckerman.
Room 69. Anita Ure, Elizabeth Bolland.
Room 75. Winnie Krats.
Room 81. Mary Edsall, Nat Farnham, Miriam Fischel, Dorothy Gutzat, Lillian Handler, Anna Lanning, Selina Morgan, Adda Stoddart, Marian Amann.
Room 82. Mildred Amerman, John Cairns, Sherman Corwin, Lucille Jessurun.
Room 83 P. M. Harry Hanosling, Emily Eckel.
Room 85 P. M. Emma Antz, Sylvia Rosenstein, Mary Rudnitzky.
Room 86 P. M. Celia Nolbert, Lena Olsan, Matilda Strasburger.
Room 86 A. M. Fanny Bodnar, Irving Bortincker, Sam Ehrenbrang, Anna Johnston, Marion Laureigh.
Room 91 A. M. Bernice Cooper, Margaret Denton, Melvin Jackley, Margaret Mashek, Mary Meeker, Walter Schroeder, Peter Strebinger.
Room 92. Helen Alcott, Arline Allsopp, Stanley Doremus, Katherine Duguid, Margaret Ingloo, Elizabeth Wehner, Aurela Lawshe, Doris Lindsay, Irma Lutz, Josephine Sofio, Dorothy Stone.
Room 91 P. M. Florence Meyerson, Mildred Morris, Florence Schubarth, Elizabeth Zahn.
Room 92 A. M. Olga Langenecker, Isabelle Cary, Gertrude Meister.
Room 95 A. M. Aaron Von Poznak.

A FABLE.

Barton Strahan and Urmy
  Were arguing one day
About the war, and other things,
  In a most surprising way.

Said Tom, "You are no soldier,
  I can tell it by your stride,"
Said Bart, "I joined the Essex Troop,
  And there learned how to *ride!*"

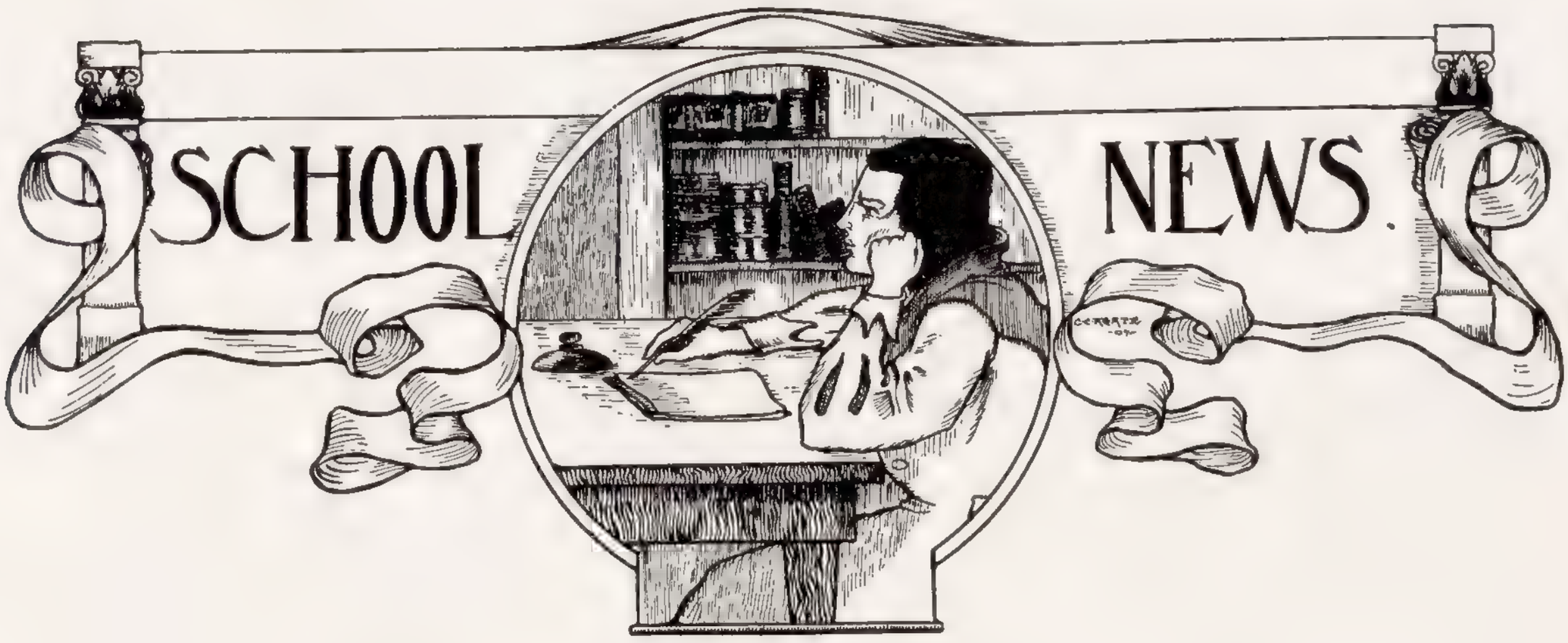
But Tom is our debater,
  And was not to be subdued;
So he argued and refuted,
  Till his words became quite rude.

Now, Strahan is quite a scrapper
  And these words made him "see red;"
So Bart subdued our Tommy
  With a "Pancoast" on the head.

The scene of this discussion
  Was our own room—55;
Of the many that were present,
  There are but ten alive.

A fable should a moral teach,
  I hope I've made mine clear,
Tho' just exactly what it was,
  I long ago forgot, I fear.

F. B. S., '17.



4A DOINGS.

The first meeting of the term was held on February 5, 1917, in Room 81. After the secretary and treasurer had made their reports, the class proceeded to the election of officers, with the following results: President, Thomas Urmy; Vice-President, Mildred Short; Secretary, Margaret Jacoby; Treasurer, Romeyn Smith.

The class decided to provide flowers for the auditorium and the president was given the power to select a committee for that purpose.

The next meeting of the class took place on March 5, 1917. After the usual preliminaries, plans were made for a Freshman Social, and committees were appointed to take charge of the affair.

At this all-important meeting it was also decided that the present members of the ACROPOLIS Board might retain their positions, and that for the remaining vacancies of the Senior ACROPOLIS Board competitive examinations would be held.

On April 9, 1917, the class met for the third meeting of the term and, as in previous meetings, the secretary's and treasurer's reports were read and accepted. The three teachers, Miss Price, Miss Brettle and Miss Skidmore, who aided the class in making their 1B social such a success, were given a vote of thanks. Of the several mottoes submitted the class chose the following:

Nostra Alma Mater, Nostra Urbs, Nostra Patria.

The next meeting of the class was held Wednesday afternoon, May 2, 1917. The various songs submitted to the chairman of the Song Committee were read and the music of each was played. The words of the song chosen were written by Miss Jacoby, the class secretary, and the music was written by Miss Mary Corson. Of the other songs submitted, the one written by Miss Pomeroy was chosen to be sung at the class day exercises.

Of the yells submitted by Mr. Kaiser, the chairman of the Yell Committee, the following was selected:

Rah, Rah, Rah!
Ray, Ray, Ray!
Ripity, Papity, Ripity, Ray!
Blue and White, Silver and Green!
Barringer High, June Seventeen.

PRINCETON "NITE."

The Princeton Banquet, held in the Boys' Rooms of the Y. M. C. A., on March 31, under the auspices of the combined High Schools' Clubs—was *some* banquet! The guests of honor were six Princeton undergraduates. The hall was prettily decorated with orange and black. Nine Barringer girls, Dorothy Breingan, Frances Beucke, Julia Clark, Mildred Girod, Elizabeth McEvoy, Marie Poland, Margaret Poland, Gladys Rutman and Ruth Ten Eyck, served most efficiently as waitresses. Between the courses the Barringer orchestra rendered selections, while each school gave its cheer. After the banquet Princeton songs were sung, and the Princeton men responded with words of greeting. The national anthem sung, the boys trooped down to Wallace Hall.

A fine evidence of Barringer spirit was manifested in the cheering. Fourteen high and preparatory schools gave their respective yells. Then the speaking began.

"Dick" Cleveland, a member of the football squad, addressed the gathering on *"Coöperation."* He was followed by Van Renseller Halsey, a substitute tackle on the football team. Billy Moore, half-back on the football team, and reputed to be the most popular man in Princeton, spoke on *"Service."* "Hen" Clark, Princeton, '05, sang parodies on popular songs to the great amusement of the boys.

Moving pictures of the Princeton-Harvard football game were shown.

The fellows all agree "Princeton Night" was a great success!

PATRIOTIC EXERCISES.

On Tuesday afternoon, April 24, at the request of the Board of Education, our school assembled in the auditorium to hear the talks of several true patriots. Mr. Jaeger, of East Side High School, was chairman for the afternoon, and introduced the different speakers. He appealed to the girls for their aid in the American Red Cross work and the girls responded loyally to the call. Major Anderson then addressed the school. He has been in the United States Army for twenty-six years, and glories in his country and its colors. He hoped that many of our boys would decide to take the step he had taken. Then Mr. Meyer appealed to the boys for their aid in the various military and naval departments of service in the United States. When the call was given a large majority of the boys pledged themselves to enlist in their country's service in any field in which they could secure their parents' consent for them to serve.

On April 9, Mr. Stearns read President Wilson's Proclamation of War, delivered April 2.

Milton Nusson told of the causes of the Russian Revolution, before the school, on April 19.

On May 1, Fred Glaser read extracts from President's Proclamation of April 15.

Arbor Day was observed by us on April 13. Arthur B. Cozzens, secretary of the City Plan Commission and the Yard and Lot Improvement Association, delivered an address and urged planting in every vacant plot that can be found in the city. The pupils sang appropriate songs.

GREAT WOMEN.

A series of talks has been delivered at the morning exercises on "Women Distinguished in Public Life." They were:

1. Jeannette Rankin, the first woman Congressman—Mary Edsall, April 19.

2. Mrs. Ella Fagg Young, Superintendent of Schools in Chicago.—Katherine Wahl, April 20.

3. Kate Barnad, State Commissioner of Oklahoma—Rose Nussbaum, April 23.

On May 2, Angelina Caprio recited Kipling's "Choice," a poem written since America entered the war and showing an Englishman's version of America's stand.

Helen Green recited "The Battle Hymn of Democracy," on May 3. On the same morning Miss Darnell spoke about Joseph Haydn, playing the four themes of his "Surprise Symphony." She then played the symphony on the Harola.

THE ROSTRUM.

President, Irving Idler.
Vice-President, Helen Gordon.
Secretary, Julia E. Clark.
Treasurer, Morris Jacobwitz.

In the fall of 1915, our debating club, "The Rostrum," was organized through the efforts of Mr. Moore, who was then a teacher of English at Barringer.

The next term Mr. Moore was called to Kentucky. Since the club was without an advisor, Mr. Barr very kindly consented to take Mr. Moore's place. Mr. Barr has proved himself the friend and helper of the organization in its efforts to develop interest and facility in debate.

For two years "The Rostrum" has represented Barringer in interscholastic debates, which have been conducted by Rutgers College.

The students of Barringer should give their loyal support to "The Rostrum" and come out and enlist as members of this worth-while organization.

THE THALIANS.

President, Stanley Jacobus.
Vice-President, Miss Jacoby.
Treasurer, Judd Neal.
Secretary, Julia Clark.

When it was decided a year ago to discontinue the annual presentation, by the 4B class, of a farce, Mr. Stearns announced that a dramatic society would be formed immediately under the guidance of Prof. Milwitzky and Mr. Crosse. To this club, the Thalians, are admitted all those students who either write a short review of some play, or make the "finals" in the "try-outs" for some one of the numerous plays the Thalians give. Last year, shortly after the society was organized, a remarkably successful production of Molière's "Tradesman Turned Gentleman" introduced the club to the school in general. This year the members of the Thalians have presented "Christmas Boxes" and "The Far Away Princess." They are now rehearsing "Sheridan's School for Scandal." At several of their meetings, they have been favored by lectures on such subjects as Bernard Shaw and Galworthy by no less a personage than Prof. Odell.

The Thalians are hustlers.

On April 24, a great honor was bestowed on Barringer High School, when Colonel Mulligan, of Lincoln Post, presented to the school what is known as The McKinley Flag. We are very grateful for this beautiful gift, which we prize most highly. It shall hang in our school as an inspiration until honorable peace is declared. It will ever be cherished and guarded with jealous care.

CERÇLE FRANÇAIS.

The French Circle is one of Barringer's oldest and most active organizations. The date of its founding has been buried by years! Its influence is felt outside the school limits indeed. Last summer, the remarkable and invaluable—for the war has destroyed the cities and villages where the photographs were made—collection of lantern slides, owned by the Cerçle were on exhibition in New York. The victrola records belonging to the Club are also exceptionally fine. As for fun—! There's scarcely a month goes by without seeing a reception or lecture given by the French Club. And, although its a "Cerçle" secret we'll whisper it to you. Mr. Milwitzky has to whisper apologetically to the chaperones of the numerous high school French Clubs invited to these "fetes" that "er—perhaps they have homes?"

Next week the Alliance Française of Newark will give a day to its pupil members—*Le Cerçle Français*—and it is expected that Prof. L'oiseau, of Columbia, will be the speaker. The following Tuesday the society will learn, "How much French is left in Louisiana." The Circle will lose three of its officers—the President, Miss Jacoby, the Vice-President, Marco Angelillo, and the Secretary, Miss McEwen—when the class of June, '17, graduates. The ACROPOLIS congratulates the French Club on its good work.

BACK TO THE FARM.

Addressing the girls of the school, not long ago, Miss Romer announced that she had received offers of the free use of extensive plots of ground in Lyons Farms, Flemington, and Hackettstown for agricultural purposes.

She urged the girls to take advantage of this opportunity by agreeing to cultivate the Lyons Farm tract, visiting it daily between now and the school term's close, and to make week-end trips to the other localties for a similar purpose. Miss Romer said the only expense would be for seeds and the girls would have the vegetables they produced.

Mr. Stearns signified his approval of the plan by offering a bonus of $1 above the market price for the first peck of peas raised by one of the girls.

Come on, girls! It's up to us to outdo the boys.

THE DRESS BEAUTIFUL.

Two weeks ago, the girls of the school were called to an assembly after 2.30, to hear a talk about dress, given by Miss Lord, of Pratt's Institute. We went reluctantly and were most agreeably surprised. She didn't believe in uniform dress! Dressing was discussed only from the artistic and social standpoints. "If you want to be conspicuous, dress so as to attract attention," said Miss Lord; "however, I don't believe you really want to. To dress from a social standpoint, you must have consideration for your neighbor's eyes (likewise their tongues)! Dress to suit your style and wear becoming colors. Above all don't wear white or light-colored shoes with a dark dress unless you are particularly fond of your feet and desire people to notice them. No, I do *not* believe in uniforms for high school girls. They destroy individuality."

Miss Lord also added that she for one couldn't quite see for what we had been criticized. Let's hope the reporter heard that remark distinctly!

THE GERMAN CLUB.

President, George Wallhauser.
Vice-President, Helen Clarke.
Secretary, Irving Ams.
Treasurer, Mr. Nicklas.

The German Club is one of the oldest and most interesting clubs in Barringer. This club was organized by Miss Buettner and Mr. Mezger about 1898. Mr. Nicklas for a long time has been and is now the mainstay of the organization. He very frequently gives talks of explanation on the well-known German plays or on the German manners and customs. German songs are often played on the victrola.

Mr. Nicklas tries to chaperon the members of the "Deutsche Verein" at least once a term to the Irving Place Theatre in New York, to see a real German play.

Come out all you German students and get some good interesting knowledge of German life and customs, outside of your every-day German grammars. You should "Do It Now," join the "Deutsche Verein."

THE ORCHESTRA.

Though the Orchestra is less than a year and a half old, it has already done very creditable work. Each week they have played for the weekly music drills of the school, and they have also

taken part in all the public functions of Barringer. They also played in the May Festival of last year (1916) when the combined orchestras of the local High Schools took part.

Early in the present term the orchestra met for their third semi-annual organization and elected officers as follows: President, Willard Wells; Vice-President, Edith Potaker; Treasurer, Benjamin Potaker; Secretary, Helen Kussy. The orchestra has made splendid progress, due in large measure to practice and hard work, and their splendid success has been an excellent example to the whole school, for it shows us all how well earnest labor is repaid.

MATHEMATICS CLUB.

Officers

President, Pennington.
Vice-President, MacKenzie.
Secretary, Chittick.
Treasurer and Faculty Advisor, Mr. Johnson.

"Say, Pennington, tell me something about your Math. Club, will you?"

"Well, what do you want to know in particular?"

"I want to know everything from A to Z about it."

"All right I'll tell you. Max Tendler and I were in the habit of making up problems for each other to solve. Well, one day while we were riding home on a Clifton car, Max said, 'Gee, wouldn't it be a fine thing to have a Math. Club.' Believe me, that was enough. The next morning we went to speak to Mr. Johnson, who is as ready to talk about mathematics as he is to talk about athletics. He lost no time in seeing that such an idea became a reality.

"Accordingly we held our first meeting on March 2, a committee composed of Charles Smith, Robert MacKenzie and Yardly Chittick was selected to draw up a constitution. On March 16, we met again. At this meeting the constitution was adopted and the following officers were elected: President, Virgil Pennington; Vice-President, Robert MacKenzie; Secretary, Yardly Chittick; Treasurer, and Faculty Advisor, Mr. Johnson; Executive Committee, Max Tendler, Irving Ams, John Foster. At our May meeting, Mr. Nester is to speak on the origin of the decimal system.

"The purpose of this club is to make students better acquainted with the mathematical world. We intend to cultivate amiability for that world in the following ways:

"1. Lectures shall be given by members of the faculty.

"2. Papers shall be prepared and read by members of the club.

"3. Problems shall be offered for competition.

"4. Various types of problems shall be discussed.

"5. Debates on mathematical questions such as the possibility of a fourth dimension shall be arranged.

"6. Everything shall be made simple enough for the beginner and complex enough for the advanced student."

"Well, do you know enough about the Math. Club now?"

"No; not yet. What are the requirements for membership?"

"Anyone, who has finished his first year of mathematics, is eligible to membership."

"Enough," said Pennington, "will you accept six months' dues in advance?"

BARRINGER DISCUSSION CLUB.

Ye Barringerites, did you ever stop to realize that "The Barringer Discussion Club" is one of our leading clubs? This interesting club was organized in the fall of 1909, and was re-organized in 1915. The club was first organized under the name of "The High School Club" but when Central High was built the club assumed its present name. The members of the club met every Tuesday night at the Y. M. C. A., just as they do at present. There they discussed high school problems.

The club proved to be a great success. As usual Barringer was "guilty" of another innovation, for she was the first high school in this section of the East to have such a club. To-day the country abounds with such clubs.

Among its members were to be found many athletes of Barringer fame. Such prominent former Barringerites as Ray Stillman, Bill Clark, Ray Ward, Hank Wallhauser, Gilbertson and Foster have been presidents of the club. As leaders the club has been fortunate enough to have such prominent men as Mr. Stearns, Mr. Flood, who originally proposed the club and with Mr. Stearn's coöperation made it a success. Mr. Mott, "Chief" Broadhead and Mr. Bradner.

On Tuesday evening, April 24, the annual banquet of the club was held. Mr. G. Skiles Yaple was the speaker for the evening. The discussion was based on "Profanity and Slang." The following officers were also elected: President, George Wallhauser; Vice-President, Sanford Gregory; Secretary, Dan Noble.

LA GIOVENTA SCOLASTICA.

La Giovcnta Scolastic di Barringer, or as it is more commonly known, the Italian Club, owes its existence to Mr. Milwitzky's keen interest in Barringerites of Italian parentage. The club was

organized in the month of June, 1912. Among the organizers was the well-known "Joe" D'Angola. Until recently the club held two meetings a month. Another recent change made it possible for girls to become eligible for membership.

The meetings of this institution are held at the homes of various members. Moreover, all business is transacted in Italian. It may prove interesting to know that the Italian club is in respect to government the most democratic club in Barringer. It is governed by a "Council of Five," at present consisting of the following: Mr. Milwitzky, faculty advisor; John Pucillo, Clara Lanzetta, Helen Lanzetta and Gerald Rizzolo. At every meeting a different member of the council presides.

For the first time in the history of this club has a non-Italian been chosen as honorary member of the club. The lot fell to Leopold Wienstein, who finds that it takes but little effort to get into the spirit of the club.

During the existence of this club many sociables as well as several plays have been conducted by it under the personal direction of Mr. Milwitzky.

In the near future it is expected that several prominent Italian officers will give thrilling accounts of soldiery on the firing-line.

BARRINGER GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

Officers:

President, Katherine Wahl.
Vice-President, Mary Edsell.
Treasurer, Julia Clark.
Secretary, Harriet Carman.

Though one of the newer activities of the school the Girls' Glee Club has proved one of the most active. The club was established last fall when a constitution committee was appointed and officers for the term were elected. Miss Myra Kohn was chosen the first president. The girls worked so steadily that no time for the adoption of the constitution was found until this term when it was presented by the chairman, Miss Wahl.

Every girl in Barringer may join the organization. Meetings are held once a week at which various songs are practiced. Twenty-five cents a term is assessed each member with which to buy music for the club.

Under the skilful leadership of Miss Darnell the combined glee clubs and orchestra are planning to give Haydn's "Creation" on June 8th. Rehearsals are being held twice a week and the performance promises to be most excellent. Miss Darnell is endeavoring to secure the best soloists possible for the concert. Barringer will have the honor of being the first High School in the city to present an oratorio. Much credit must be given to Miss Darnell for her untiring work and we are sure the whole school will support her in their progressive program.

GLEE CLUB.

Officers:

President, Fred DeHart.
Vice-President, Gaston Jones.
Secretary, Corbett.
Treasurer, Burke Boyce.

A long-felt need of the school was filled by the formation of the glee clubs under the enthusiastic leadership of Miss Grace Darnell. There were many who felt the lack of musical clubs among our varied school activities so that when the call was issued last fall there was a generous response.

Miss Darnell was full of plans for the work and soon had the clubs practising several part songs. Officers were elected for the boys' club, and a constitution drawn up. The boys soon proved that they had been hard at work by singing for us in auditoriums. The excellent training they had received was evidenced by the quality of their work. They sang "Kentucky Babe," by Giebel, "The Hunt," by van der Stucken. Both of these selections were most enthusiastically received by the school.

This is one of the clubs which not only benefit their members, but give pleasure to the whole school. The boys sang at the interscholastic debates held this winter and at the 1B reception given by the seniors. At this time they sang Jamesions's "Mammy's Lullaby," and several previously given in the auditorium. A quartette was made up of the following members of the club: Fred DeHart, Burke Boyce, Willard Wells and Cooper, who sang a folk song, by Thuringer, which was enjoyed very much.

Miss Darnell will be glad to test the voice of any boy or girl who desires to become a member of the organization. This should not discourage anyone, as it is done primarily to find what part he sings, and anyone with a fair voice will be accepted.

CIVICS CLUB.

What is the new club, the Civics Club? Why, one of Barringer's foremost clubs. It was in existence even before our highly esteemed Rostrum. As far back as 1910, records can be shown as a proof of its great activity. In order to keep up this good work, it became necessary to re-organize the club under new principles. This reorganization took place last November under the

personal guidance of Mr. Gilman. At that meeting a constitution was drawn up and the following officers elected: President, Arthur Tries; Vice-President, Constance Jones; Secretary, Betty Brigham. At first two meetings were held each month, but later it was decided to hold one meeting each month.

The Civics Club now, is in reality a miniature Rostrum. Then why have a Civic Club when there is the Rostrum? The answer is self-evident There must be some institution for the training of Rostrum debaters if the good work of that organization is to continue. For as everyone knows a debater can't be made in a night any more than a soldier can. He must be trained and trained with great care.

Besides furnishing good material for the Rostrum this club has many other purposes in view. It gives first and second-year students, for whom this club exists, a chance to discuss current history. It cultivates a keen interest in school activities as well as a keen interest in local and national government.

At the monthly meeting of May, Mr. Stearns and Mr. Gilman pointed out the many advantages of this club and urged eligible students to join it. Now then Freshies and Sophs, why not take the weighty words of such sages to heart?

BARRINGER SCIENCE CLUB.

President, John Pucillo.
Vice-President, Mary Edsall.
Secretary, Marco Angelillo.
Treasurer and Faculty Adviser, Mr. Noll.

The Science Club was the out-growth of a suggestion of Miss Romer that the "Farmer's Club" be enlarged to include students interested in all branches of science. Mr. Dumm presided at the first meeting in February, 1916, when Mr. Noll, was appointed chairman of a committee to draw up a constitution for the club. Miss Romer became the first faculty adviser. Herbert Coursen was elected the first president.

Meetings are held the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month at which some interesting topic is presented. Many excellent outside speakers have been secured by the club among which are Mr. Daniel Hand, of the General Electric Company who spoke on "Chemistry." Dr. Vail, whose topic was "Simple Living and High Thinking" and Mr. Chuckow of the New York *Times*, who told of "The Importance of Minerals in our Daily Diet."

It has not been by outside speakers only that instructive talks have been given. Students from all the departments have given talks on subjects of general interest. Last term Miss Rathbone gave a timely talk on "Chemistry and Preparedness." This term Miss Ister spoke on "Bacteriology" and Miss Bradner read a paper on the "Weighting and Dyeing of Silks."

The Science Club is open to all members of the school upon application to the chairman of the Membership Committee, Mortimer Salzman. The dues are only ten cents a term. No special talent is needed to join the club, only an interest or desire for knowledge in some branch of science; so all students are invited to join this club which is one of the most interesting in Barringer.

ROUGH STUFF.

Killing time.
Roasting a friend.
Hanging a picture.
Ripping out an oath.
Jumping on to an offender.
Choking off a phonograph.
Knocking a public man.
Smashing a record.
Hitting the high places.
Mashing a young woman.
Breaking into a dance.
Cutting an acquaintance.

TURN ABOUT.

He (thinking of proposing)—Can you wash dishes?

She—Yes, can you wipe them?

He didn't propose.

Abbott—You are charging me for three miles.

Driver—Yes, sir.

Abbott—But the distance is only two miles and a half.

Driver—As a general rule, sir; but we skidded.

Sachs can make a noise
Like a lion in disguise;
But when he tries to yell
No more do we dare to tell.

DamianoJ—I have an awful earache.

Rizzolo—That's too bad. Do you know who it reminds me of?

Damiano—Sure, Harris Mendelson.

Teacher (to 1B)—Now, Willie, can you tell us anything about the iron age?

Smart 1B—Er-er-I'm a bit rusty on the subject, teacher.

NONE AVAILABLE.

Stern Teacher—Have you no excuse to offer for such laziness?

Kaiser—I haven't any that will work.

CLASS OFFICERS.

Class Notes

US

1. ABBOTT, FURMAN — GENERAL LATIN.
17 Carteret Street. Business.
"With smiling eyes that little thought
How fatal were the beams they threw."
Science Club; Class Day Committee; Senior ACROPOLIS.

* * *

2. ALLEN, EMILY S. — COLLEGE GERMAN.
285 North Seventh Street. Wellesley.
"All suffused with blushes,
Neither self-possessed nor startled."
Secretary of "Rostrum," 4B.; ACROPOLIS Board, 4B., 4A.; Senior ACROPOLIS; Chairman "Class Colors" Committee; Gym Exhibit, '15; German Club; Science Club; Basketball.

* * *

3. ANGELILLO, MARCO — COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH.
12 Stone Street. Columbia.
"From the crown of his head to the sole
of his foot he is all mirth."
President of French Club, '16; Secretary of Science Club, '17; ACROPOLIS Board, 4B., 4A.; Senior ACROPOLIS; Track, '14, '15, '16; Cross Country, '14, '15, '16; Italian Club; Rostrum.

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4. AMANN, MARION — GENERAL GERMAN.
62 Arlington Avenue. Normal.
"O, her beautiful eyes! they are blue as
the dew."
ACROPOLIS Board, 4A.; Senior ACROPOLIS; Gym Exhibit. '15, '16, '17; Glee Club; Science Club; German Club.

* * *

5. AMS, IRVING — COLLEGE PREP. GERMAN.
136 Livingston Street. N. Y. U.
"Patience is a necessary ingredient of
genius."
Secretary of German Club, 4A.; Rostrum; Science Club; Mathematics Club; Senior ACROPOLIS.

6. BALSHAN, GEORGE — GENERAL GERMAN.
39 Prince Street. Undecided.
"I am constant as the northern star."

7. BASSIN, ALEXANDER — COLLEGE GERMAN.
62 Howard Street. College.
"A truant disposition it is true!"
German Club; Science Club.

* * *

8. BIDDLEMAN, EVA — GENERAL GERMAN.
233 Littleton Avenue. Normal.
"Blue were her eyes like the fairy flax."
Gym Exhibit, '15; Senior ACROPOLIS.

* * *

9. BISHOP, GLADYS — COLLEGE PREP.
278 Ridge Street. Vassar.
"How pretty her blushing was!"
German Club; Senior ACROPOLIS.

* * *

10. BRADLEY, HOWARD — GENERAL.
338 North Seventh Street. Undecided.
"Give me a man who's not dull—
When all the world with rifts is full,
But, unamazed, dares clearly sing
When e'en the roof's a-tottering."
Tennis, '15, '16, '17; Football, '15; Manager of Track.

* * *

11. BRADNER, ELLA — GENERAL.
336 Clifton Avenue. Normal.
"Moderation is the silken thread run-
ning through the pearl-chain of all
virtues."
French Club; Science Club.

* * *

12. BROOKS, CONSTANCE — GENERAL.
23 Bathgate Place. Normal.
"I remember them still, these strange
far-blue eyes, lamps of quiet, lamps
of peace."
Science Club; Glee Club; Gym Exhibit, '16; Flower Committee; Welfare Committee.

13. BROWN, GLADYS E. GENERAL LATIN.
77 Lincoln Avenue. Normal.
"Loving and loved, where e'er she went,
A calm and gracious element."
Radio Club; Science Club; Rostrum; Glee Club; Math. Club; Gym Exhibit, '15, '16, '17; Basketball, '14, '15; Chairman Class Vote Committee.

* * *

14. CARMAN, HARRIET GENERAL.
204 Garside Street. Normal.
"Careful with a care that shuns a lapse
of faith and duty."
Science Club; Secretary of Glee Club, 4A.; Gym Exhibit, '15, '16; Senior ACROPOLIS.

* * *

15. CLARK, JULIA E. COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH.
204 Broad Street. Wellesley.
"And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair
of azure eyes,
As glowing as the summer, and as tender
as the skies!"
Secretary of R. 81 Organization, 1A.; Barringer Literary Society, '13; ACROPOLIS Board, 1A., 2B., 2A., 3B., 3A., 4B., 4A.; Associate Editor of ACROPOLIS, 3A., 4B., 4A.; Editor-in-Chief of Senior ACROPOLIS; Basketball, '13, '14, '15; Sophomore Basketball Captain, '14; Hockey, '13; Baseball, '13; Gym Exhibit, '15; Vice-President of the Class, 3B., 3A., 4B.; French Club; Cappuccini Club; Prize Speaking Contest, '17; Chairman 4B., Sociable Committee; Secretary of Rostrum, 4A.; Secretary of The Thalians, 4A.; Treasurer of Glee Club, 4A.; Delegate to N. J. High School Editors' League, '16, '17.

* * *

16. CLARKE, HELEN A. COLLEGE PREP. GERMAN
221 South Ninth Street. Barnard.
"Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact!"
Rostrum; Science Club; ACROPOLIS Board, 4A.; Vice-President of German Club, 4A.; Senior ACROPOLIS.

* * *

17. CLARK, JESSIE GENERAL.
89 Stone Street. Normal.
"So light, so tender and so sweet!"
Welfare Committee.

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18. COFFIN, ANNA COLLEGE GERMAN.
116 North Ninth Street. Wellesley.
"And much I praised her nobleness."
Basketball; German Club; Secretary Rostrum, 3A.; Treasurer of Rostrum, 4B.; Senior ACROPOLIS Board.

* * *

19. CETRULO, NICHOLAS COLLEGE PREP.
95 State Street. College.
"The warmth of genial courtesy."
Science Club; Math. Club.

20. CLYMER, CHARLES COLLEGE PREP.
224 Sixth Avenue. College.
"He early gained the power to pay
His cheerful, self-reliant way!"
German Club; Science Club.

* * *

21. COMPIERCHIO, PAUL COL. PREP. FRENCH.
150½ Camden Street. Columbia.
"Within a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold!"
French Club; Science Club; Italian Club; Senior ACROPOLIS.

* * *

22. CONNOR, ROBERT COLLEGE PREP.
189 North Ninth Street. Undecided.
"No threats of tyrants or the grim
Visage of them can alter him,
But what he doth at first intend
That he holds firmly to the end."
Rostrum; Science Club.

* * *

23. CORSON, MARY GENERAL
51 Berkley Avenue. Undecided.
"An open-hearted maiden, true and sweet."
French Club; Composer of music of Class Song.

* * *

24. DAMIANO, ADOLPH COLLEGE PREP.
124 Mt. Prospect Avenue. Columbia.
"Art and knowledge bring bread and honor."
French Club; Science Club; Italian Club; Rostrum; Senior ACROPOLIS; Class Day Committee.

* * *

25. DENTON, EDYTHE COLLEGE PREP. FRENCH
676 Highland Avenue. Normal.
"Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face."
French Club; Basketball, '13, '14, '15; Gym Exhibit, '15.

* * *

26. EDSALL, MARY GENERAL GERMAN.
280 Roseville Avenue. Undecided.
"Her presence lends its warmth and health
To all who come before it!"
Chairman Flower Committee; Vice-President R. 81 Organization, 1A.; Vice-President Science Club; Vice-President Girls' Glee Club, 4A.; Senior ACROPOLIS.

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27. EGGENBURGER, JOHN COLLEGE GERMAN.
25 North Sixth Street. Princeton.
"With sayings too bold for his years!"
German Club; Science Club; Radio Club.

* * *

28. EVERDING, ALICE SPECIAL.
90 Elizabeth Avenue. Normal.
"Reproof on her lips, a smile in her eyes."
Science Club; Cappucini Club.

* * *

29. FARNHAM, NAT GENERAL.
669 Summer Avenue. Undecided.
"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

30. FELD, JACOB — GENERAL
37 Rankin Street. Undecided.
"Quiet, but of much ability."

* * *

31. FINCKLESTEIN, MILTON — COLLEGE GERMAN.
391 Fairmount Avenue. N. Y. Law School.
"For brave compartment, wit without offense,
Words fully flowing, yet of influence."
German Club; Rostrum; Debating Team; Thalians.

32. FISCHEL, MIRIAM — GENERAL GERMAN.
30 Sussex Avenue. Normal.
"The baby-roses in her cheeks."
German Club.

* * *

33. FORTE, FRANK — COLLEGE PREP.
85 High Street. N. Y. U.
"Faithful to every trust;
Gentle and kind and just."
Completed course in three years.

* * *

34. FREESE, SARA — GENERAL.
11 South Tenth Street. Home.
"She is more beautiful than day."
Science Club.

* * *

35. GUERRERRI, EDA — COLLEGE PREP.
47 Wakeman Avenue. Undecided.
"So soft, so calm, yet eloquent!"
French Club; Thalians; Gym Exhibit, '16; Welfare Committee; Glee Club; Chairman Class Day Committee; Senior ACROPOLIS, Cast of "Far Away Princess."

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36. GUTZAT, DOROTHY — GENERAL GERMAN.
364 Grove Street. Normal.
"Is she not passing fair?"
Gym Exhibit, '15.

* * *

37. HANDLER, LILLIAN — GENERAL GERMAN.
96 Summer Avenue. Normal.
"Virtue is bold and goodness never fearful."
Prize Speaking Contest, '17; Science Club; German Club; Senior ACROPOLIS.

* * *

38. HOUGH, MARIAN — GENERAL.
205 Montclair Avenue. Normal.
'O! her eyes are amber-fine—
Dark and deep as wells of wine!"
Senior ACROPOLIS.

* * *

39. JACOBY, MARGARET STELLA — COLLEGE FRENCH.
362 Seventh Avenue. Wellesley.
"Love in her sunny eyes does basking play."
Secretary Class, 3B., 4A.; President French Club, '17; ACROPOLIS Board, '17; Prize Speaking Contest, '17; Chairman Song Committee; "Princess" of "Far Away Princess"; "Lucille" in "Tradesman Turned Gentleman"; Flower Committee; Gym Exhibit, '15, '16, '17; Welfare Committee; Senior ACROPOLIS Board; Cappucini Club; Vice-President Thalians.

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40. JAMIESON, WESLEY — COLLEGE GERMAN.
191 Garside Street. College.
"How pure in heart and sound in head."
Senior ACROPOLIS.

* * *

41. KAISER, LOUIS — COLLEGE PREP.
30 West Kinney Street. Cornell.
"I'll warrant you there's vinegar and pepper in it!"
ACROPOLIS, '16, '17; Senior ACROPOLIS; Football, '13, '14, '15, '16; Manager Hockey Team, '17; Baseball, '13; Chairman Class Yell Committee; Cheer leader; Faculty Advisor A. A., '16, '17.

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42. KAPLAN, ISADORE — COLLEGE PREP.
9 Prince Street. Business.
"The strength to reason and the warmth to feel."

* * *

43. KATZIN, HARRY — COLLEGE PREP.
183 Sixteenth Avenue. Undecided.
"You look wise, pray correct that error!"
German Club; Science Club.

* * *

44. KHELM, OLIVE — GENERAL.
432 Warren Street. Savage.
"Wild with sport
Half child, half woman as she was."
Swimming Team, '17; Basketball, '15, '16; Baseball, '14, '15; Gym Exhibit, '16, '17.

* * *

45. KOLODIN, ABRAHAM — COLLEGE PREP.
139 Roseville Avenue. N. Y. U.
"He was a scholar and a ripe and good one."
German Club; Senior ACROPOLIS.

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46. LANNING, ANNA — GENERAL GERMAN.
2 Grant Street. Normal.
"For if Virtue feeble were
Heaven itself would stoop to her."
Senior ACROPOLIS.

* * *

47. LYNCH, MILDRED — GENERAL GERMAN.
773 Mt. Prospect Avenue. Normal.
"Could I help it that my cheeks
Began to burn and burn?"
Science Club.

* * *

48. MARTIN, KATHARINE — GENERAL GERMAN.
79 North Ninth Street. Undecided.
"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

* * *

49. MCCARREN, ANNA — GENERAL GERMAN.
719 Lake Street. Savage.
"O curls, release your store of warmth and scent."
Basketball; Gym Exhibit; Baseball; Jr. Etiquette Committee; Senior ACROPOLIS.

50. McEwen, Edith College Prep.
299 Belleville Avenue. Smith.
"The calm within and the light *around*
Which makes night day."
Secretary French Club, '16, '17; "Mrs. Candor" in "School For Scandal"; Thalians; Chairman Motto Committee; Song Committee; Cappuccine Club.

* * *

51. Mendelson, Harris College Prep.
52 Richmond Street. N. Y. U.
"He was a Logic, a great Critic,
Profoundly skilled in Analytic!"
French Club; Science Club; Radio Club; Rostrum; Senior Acropolis; Thalians.

* * *

52. Miller, Beatrice General French.
19 Sterling Street. St. Barnabas.
"In her tongue is the law of kindness."
Glee Club; Gym Exhibit, '16.

* * *

53. Morgan, Selina General German.
320 Montclair Avenue. Normal.
"In season grave, in season gay."
Science Club; Gym Exhibit, '15; Glee Club.

* * *

54. Nichols, Mary College Prep.
333 Parker Street. College.
"It is the name of one who is more fair
than Youth to the old, than Life to the young."
French Club; 4B Sociable Committee; Thalians; Gym Exhibit, '15, 16; Senior Acropolis.

* * *

55. Nordling, William College Prep.
825 Parker Street. Stevens.
"He is well paid that is well satisfied."
Science Club; Math. Club.

* * *

56. Potaker, Benjamin College Prep.
40 Beacon Street. College.
"Happy the snow-locked homes within
He tuned his merry violin."
Orchestra, '14, '15, '16, '17.

* * *

57. Potaker, Edith College Prep. German.
40 Beacon Street. Home.
"Brow that is filled with music."
German Club; French Club; Gym Exhibit, '15; Orchestra, '16, '17.

* * *

58. Poland, Marie College French.
258 Montclair Ave. Smith.
"And those eyes are brighter far than
the star
Brightest in heaven's bluest deep!"
Science Club; French Club; Thalians; Secretary of Radio Club; Cast "Far Away Princess."

* * *

59. Pomeroy, Lillian College Prep.
459 High Street. Undecided.
"How calm and firm and true
She spoke, with kindled eyes."
French Club; Science Club; Acropolis Board, '17; Senior Acropolis; Refreshment Chairman, 4B. Sociable; Gym Exhibit, '16; Basketball, '16; Song Committee; Class Day Committee.

* * *

60. Puccillo, John College Prep.
16 Sixth Avenue. West Point.
"A heart as soft, a heart as kind
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find!"
President Science Club, 4A; French Club; President of Italian Club, 4A.; Baseball, '14, '15, '16, '17; Captain of Baseball Team, '17; Senior Acropolis.

* * *

61. Rinsky, Harry College Prep.
376 South Sixth Street. Undecided.
"Liberal he was—and frank."
German Club; Rostrum.

* * *

62. Rizzolo, Agnes General French.
9 Sixth Avenue. Normal.
"Like twilight her dusky hair."
French Club; Science Club; Italian Club; Gym Exhibit, '15.

* * *

63. Sachs, Albert College Prep.
135 South Eleventh Street. Princeton.
"Judge a man by his deeds, not by his words!"
Hockey, '17; Sociable Committee; Acropolis, 4B., 4A.; Senior Acropolis; Math. Club; Radio Club; Thalians; Cheer leader.

* * *

64. Schaeffer, Beekman College Prep.
270 Ridge Street. Stevens.
"God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it.
Discussion Club; Football, '14, '15, '16; Track, '14, '15, '16; Hockey, '17.

* * *

65. Short, Mildred General
452 Highland Avenue. Home.
"Over all the world she draws her cloak
of charity."
Vice-President of Class, 4A.; Gym Exhibit; Senior Acropolis; Science Club.

* * *

66. Simmonds, Dorothy General German.
60 Tiffany Boulevard. School of Nursing.
"Shall show how divine a thing
A woman may be made!"

* * *

67. Smith, Romeyn General
325 North Seventh Street. West Point.
"Honor to you who sit
Near to the well of wit
And drink your fill of it."
Treasurer of Class, 3A., 4B., 4A.; Senior Acropolis; Tennis Team, '15, '16, '17.

68. STAUFFER, FRED — COLLEGE PREP.
74 South Eleventh Street. College.
"Thou are that man, the man alone
Worthy the public admiration."
German Club; Science Club; ACROPOLIS Board, Business Manager, '16, '17; Senior ACROPOLIS Business Manager; Discussion Club; Chairman of Class Picture Committee.

* * *

69. STEVENS, RUTH — GENERAL.
66 Finley Place. Undecided.
"A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a thousand coats-of-arms."
Swimming, '17; Basketball, '15, '16; Baseball, '13, '14, '15; Gym Exhibit, '13, '14, '16; (Second) Prize Essay, '16.

* * *

70. STICKLE, ETHEL — GENERAL GERMAN.
182 North Twelfth Street. Normal.
"Her eyes how they twinkle."
Welfare Committee; Flower Committee; Senior ACROPOLIS.

* * *

71. STODDART, ADDA — GENERAL LATIN.
402 Summer Avenue. Home.
"Still, calm, and resolute."
Science Club.

* * *

72. STRAHAN, BARTON — COLLEGE PREP.
333 North Seventh Street. Undecided.
"A prince he was, blue-eyed and fair of face."
French Club; Rostrum; Senior ACROPOLIS.

* * *

73. SIMPSON, ADA — GENERAL LATIN.
24 Hecker Street. Normal.
"Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand."
Science Club.

* * *

74. URMY, THOMAS V. — COL. PREP. GERMAN
290 Mt. Prospect Avenue. Princeton.
"Fearless he was, and scorning all disguise
What he dared do or think, tho' men might start,
He spoke with mild yet unaverted eyes."
President of the Class, 4B., 4A.; Chairman Program Committee of Science Club; Treasurer Rostrum, 3A.; Debating Team, '17; Associate Editor of Senior ACROPOLIS; German Club.

* * *

75. WITSELL, FREDERICK — COLLEGE PREP.
348 Clifton Avenue. Stevens.
"A youth light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world."
Track, '14, '15, '16, '17; Captain of Track, '16, '17; Manager of Football Team, '16; French Club; Picture Committee; Chairman of Commencement Committee.

* * *

76. WAHL, KATHARINE — GENERAL GERMAN.
61 North Fifth Street. Normal.
"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."
Science Club; Chairman of Pin Committee; Flower Committee; President of Glee Club, 4A.; Senior ACROPOLIS.

* * *

77. WOOD, ELLSWORTH — GENERAL FRENCH.
231 Roseville Avenue. Business.
"A man of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows!"
French Club; Circulating Manager of Senior ACROPOLIS; Cross Country, '16; Track, '17; Bowling, '17; Pin Committee; Chairman Big Brother Movement.

* * *

78. WYETH, CAROL — COLLEGE FRENCH.
182 Roseville Avenue. Undecided.
"I love such society
As is quiet, wise, and good."

* * *

79. SAUL, ZUCKER — COLLEGE PREP.
9 Farley Avenue. Columbia.
"A gentle yet aspiring mind."
ACROPOLIS Board, 4A.; Senior ACROPOLIS; German Club; Science Club; Assistant Business Manager Senior ACROPOLIS; Radio Club.

We all enjoy Julia Clark's translations. So original, you know.

The 4A class is hoping that Albert Sachs will get lockjaw because his jaws are continually moving at the wrong time.

Beekman Schaefer, Germany's pride,
Has now begun to hit his stride.
He gobbles up learning at a terrific pace,
And we only hope he can stay in the race.

Class in Latin gazing amazedly after Julia Clark's translation.

Julia (to Mr. King)—Wasn't that right?

Mr. King—I guess that's what's wrong with the class.

LILL.

If you want a girl who's full of pep
When all is said and done
Just call upon Lill Pomeroy
In that, outstripped by none!

Bart Strahan is a manly man
Whose hobby lies, they say,
In breaking little girlies' hearts
To pass the time away!

Zucker—Have you ever heard of an engine wagging its ears?

Sachs—Go on! an engine don't have no ears!

Zucker—Say! haven't you heard of engin*eers?*

Kiel—Who's heard the latest song hit?

Potaker—xx ?? ! ! !

Kiel—"No matter how hungry a horse is he can't eat a bit."

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

HOW time does fly! Here is the memorable class of June, '17 about to receive those long-looked for parchments for which it has worked so hard.

It does not seem such a very long time ago since mother filled the new lunch box with dainties; since the famous Clifton car (?) was boarded and we entered Barringer, assuming the title "Freshies" and 1B's.

Much lay in store for us. We were conducted into a spacious auditorium, upon the platform of which was an imposing looking gentleman who gave us a royal welcome mingled with plenty of good advice. Our schedules were then made out and we were introduced to our teachers. Our high school life with its attending joys, home-work, detention, etc., had begun.

It was as 1A's that we first organized as a class in Room 81, published a very interesting little paper called *Inter Nos,* gave a wonderful little shadow play, which everyone enjoyed who viewed it, and held a reception for the 1B's. Thus our Freshman year came and went. Some of us distinguished ourselves in exams., others of us extinguished ourselves.

Sophomore year passed very quickly as social events were forgotten and we had settled down to work on Geometry and foreign languages. (Many of us, I am sorry to say for the satisfaction of our immense appetites fairly ran to the lunch room at noon.)

Junior year contained events of great interest and importance. The class organized and elected the following: President, Fred DeHart; Vice-President, Julia Clark; Secretary, Margaret Jacoby; Treasurer, E. Pilling. Mr. Losee was chosen class advisor. The officers for the 3A term were the same except for the treasurer, which was held by R. Smith. During this year a Christmas entertainment was given by the members of the class. It was a most pleasant and interesting affair.

Senior year dawned at last, and we thought, "What a short journey it has been after all, and how pleasant, too." The class re-organized, choosing Thomas Urmy, President, Julia Clark, Vice-President, Margaret Jacoby, Secretary, and Romeyn Smith, treasurer, and settled down to business. After much discussion, pins and rings were chosen, and class colors decided upon. A sociable, too, was held, at which all had a good time. At this point in the journey, however, German claimed a few. Latin, too, its usual number, and the brave, sturdy survivors assumed the dignity of 4A's.

As 4A's with commencement but a few months off, enthusiasm was aroused. Not even the threats of the Germans could check our great plans and adventures. Exams for the Senior issue of the ACROPOLIS were taken and passed. The members of the Board worked like trojans and brought forth the best paper the school had ever seen. A suitable class motto was chosen, a class song composed, and a yell adopted. A class picture was taken but to the disappointment of many, individual pictures were in some instances poor. In the midst of these activities, however, we did not forget our duty toward the 1B's, for we gave them a nice reception and as many of us as were able, tutored them in their subjects.

Commencement comes and goes, class day, also. The Alma Mater and the class song are sung for the last time. Farewell is said. The class is scattered all over the land, but its members will never forget Barringer, nor cease to cherish a kind grateful feeling toward her.

4B SOCIABLE.

'Twas the day of our party and all through the hall
Rang Miss Julia, our rhyme-reader's musical bawl.
The curtain, swung back, the gold frame revealing
These pictures *unique* and appealing.

MR. LOSEE—FATHER TIME.

Father Time, Father Time, to thee we turn our eyes,
To thee we look for counsel, to thee we pray;
To us unfold the future, if know we may,
And, Father, with they wisdom make us wise!

ALBERT SACHS—CHEMIST.

What have we here? A chemist bold
Whose name is Albert Sachs, we're told.
That's queer! We thought the pen or stage
Would claim our Sachs in his old age.
But a stage hero's pestered so!
Besides it doesn't pay, you know
And so he chose this means, one day
Of scaring all his girls away!

EMILY' ALLEN—BRIDE.

What picture does Time now provide?
'Tis Emily, a Blushing Bride!
The groom is not in evidence
He isn't of much consequence!
Besides, tho' Fate wills that some day
Miss Emily shall make her way
Along a ribbon-hung church aisle
And then that, in a little while,
She'll live in aprons and in caps,
And wield a rolling-pin, perhaps,
Still we don't know whose home she'll boss
And since in that we're at a loss,
All mention of the groom we'll skip,
Passed by the Board of Censorship!

EDITH POTAKER—HOUSEWIFE.

Who is this housewife in the frame?
Miss Potaker was *once* her name!
How com'fy, practical and neat!
We'll bet what hubby gets to eat
Is cooked and served quite perfectly
And that her home's a joy to see,

Her floor swept clean as any plate,
And all her darning up-to-date!
For Time has taught this matron wise
Tho' man is oft reached through his eyes,
That *solid comfort* is the key
That binds a man eternally!

BARTON STRAHAN—CLASSIC DANCER.

Here's Barton Strahan, a classic dancer,
Of posture's charm a famed enhancer.
To see him bravely smiling there,
The laurel on his golden hair,
Would you imagine that his heart
Was broken? Cruel fate did part
Him from his fair one, when one day
To private school she went away.
So now he dances through the years
And thusly smiles, to hide his tears!
Where did he get his training—where?
He posed each day in Barringer!

EDITH MCEWEN—SURGEON.

Step this way, folk! Here is a cure
For every ill that men endure!
Pray do not fear to take your stand
Beneath our Edith's gentle hand!
That knife won't hurt, as you can see!
But first a word 'twixt you and me!
However great may be her skill
All her experience is—*"Nil"*
She never cut *school* in her life!
Perhaps she's better with the knife!

KATHERINE WAHL—SALVATION ARMY GIRL.

Salvation Katherine, now you see,
In saving souls her greatest glee!
She sings, plays, passes round the hat—
She makes good money out of that!
But it all goes to help the poor
For Katherine Wahl, this maid demure
Has now renounced all worldly things,
And cares no more for pins and rings.

BENJAMIN POTAKER—VIOLINIST.

Now Katherine's aided by a man
Who plays so powerfully he can
With one sweep of his magic bow
Save souls from sin and mortal woe.
The first note scares them terribly
They think of all their sins. Then he
Sounds one so mournfully that they
For mercy haste to kneel and pray!
Now don't forget this artist here
Gave up a truly great career
Just to devote his violin
To saving us from mortal sin.

MARCO ANGELILLO—DENTIST.

And now just look at Marco's tongs
As he draws forth that little tooth
From a little mouth, in sooth,
And hear the patient's cheery songs.

FINKELSTEIN—ANARCHIST.

See how sweet is Milton's smile
And see what hang from pockets both
Toys he uses, I nothing loath,
The mighty chains of government to file.

GLADYS BROWN—SUFFRAGIST.

Miss Gladys is a suffragist,
Both keen of mind and strong of wrist;
She's firm about her voting rights
Sometimes, she argues, sometimes fights
Her luckless victim sitting there
Be pleased to note his powdered hair
Is Irving Ams, a Judge, who thinks
That woman from her status sinks.
Whenever she demands the vote
Sure! Any valiant girl would gloat
O'er such a chance to help The Cause!
But if she would one moment pause
If he would only look behind
We're sure that he would change his mind!

MARGARET JACOBY—POETESS (?)

French student and fair poetess(?)
Miss Mar'gret is that you can guess
In the eyes of our comrade so merry
Is the 'Coquettes' and Flirts' Dictionary."
Ye girls, who would read this wise book,
Here's Peggy, now all take a look!

CONSTANCE BROOKS—COLUMBIA.

Columbia! We dedicate
Our hearts to you. May Time and Fate
And Strong Endeavor all combine
To make us worthy friends of thine.
May we be faithful, wise and true
And live for you, and die for you!
Postcript! We gave this fine part to
Miss Constance Brooks, up here, for you
Can see she looks—now don't deny—so
Extremely like Venus de Milo!

POPULARITY CONTEST.

1. Done Most for Class
   (Girl)—JULIA CLARK.
   (Boy)—THOMAS URMY.
2. Best All-Around
   (Girl)—JULIA CLARK.
   (Boy)—FRED WITSELL.
3. Most Popular
   (Girl)—MARIE POLAND, and
   MILDRED SHORT.
   (Boy)—FRED WITSELL.
4. Handsomest
   (Girl)—KATHERINE MARTIN.
   (Boy)—BARTON STRAHAN.
5. Best Mixer
   (Girl)—JULIA CLARK.
   (Boy)—BARTON STRAHAN.

6. Biggest Grind
   (Girl)—EDITH McEWEN.
   (Boy)—HARRIS MENDELSON.
7. Biggest Bluffer
   (Girl)—JULIA CLARK.
   (Boy)—ALBERT SACHS.
8. Best Dresser
   (Girl)—MARY NICHOLS.
   (Boy)—BARTON STRAHAN.
9. Brightest
   (Girl)—EDITH McEWEN.
   (Boy)—HARRIS MENDELSON.
10. Class Baby
   (Boy)—SAUL ZUCKER.
11. Wittiest
   (Girl)—ANNE McCARREN.
   (Boy)—ROBERT CONNOR.
12. Liveliest
   (Girl)—JULIA CLARK.
   (Boy)—ROBERT CONNOR.
13. Quietest
   (Girl)—DOROTHY SIMMONDS.
   (Boy)—IRVING AMS.
14. Best Dancer
   (Girl)—ANNE McCARREN.
   (Boy)—FRED WITSELL.
15. Most Energetic
   (Girl)—LILLIAN POMEROY.
   (Boy)—FRED STAUFFER.
16. Biggest Flirt
   (Girl)—MARIE POLAND.
   (Boy)—ALBERT SACHS.
17. Best Athlete
   (Girl)—OLIVE KHELM.
   (Boy)—BEEKMAN SCHAEFFER.
18. Most Conceited
   (Girl)—GLADYS BROWN.
   (Boy)—ALBERT SACHS.
19. Best Smile
   (Girl)—EDITH DENTON.
   (Boy)—THOMAS URMY.
20. Biggest Pull
   (Girl)—MARGARET JACOBY.
   (Boy)—HARRIS MENDELSON.
21. Best Natured
   (Girl)—EDITH McEWEN.
   (Boy)—CHARLES CLYMER.
22. Biggest Fusser
   (Girl)—ANNE McCARREN.
   (Boy)—ALBERT SACHS.
23. Will Make Greatest Success
   (Girl)—LILLIAN HANDLER.
   (Boy)—HARRIS MENDELSON.
24. Favorite Teacher
   WE LOVE 'EM ALL!!

LATIN COMBATS.
ROOM 26.

By H. MENDELSON.

I tell the tale of Vergil great in deeds,
Of valor, who bids the might of youth and maids
Defiance. Anon his house of fame he leaves,
The Callispean Mount, and singly forth
He stands. "Let come who will and brave me here."
He cries. Forthwith, O! King, thy throat in thunder
Rolls. "O, stay thy vainly uttered boast.
My youths still strong of heart are they, my maids
Will bravely face thy terrors, now and ever."
Thus from his breast the volumes peal no more.
But freezing fear enchills their hearts and none
In all that bard durst try the mighty feat,
Save one, that Edith of golden locks—Of all
She stood alone and strongly faced the combat.
But low! the hero sees the fire that shines
Divine within her eyes and trembles in fear.
Forthwith he yields him *if* again he may
In combat meet the others of the band.
The maid consented. Courage now elates
The troop and Angelilo seeming full
Of might ascends his steed and boldly rides
To meet the foe; but far from wisely spurs.
Alas! His horse quite soon is maimed and he
Himself lies faint upon the soil and beaten.
"Revenge! Revenge!" they cry and Strahan is bid
His comrades name redeem. But Strahan no skill
Has he, declines the unequal contest. Still
The King insists and Bart is forced to go.
A wicked look the eye of Vergil holds,
And straightaway with fury upon him falls.
Indeed, our Bart in combat should have fallen
Had not brave Julia rushed to save her friend,
And none delayed; with one hand holds her steed,
The other a mighty sword doth grasp. Oh, look!
How blow on blow she rains and tries to strike
Great Vergil. Who alert avoids her thrusts
With light agility. Thus the fight endures,
But both are still unharmed. Then clever Julia
Behind the hero spurs. And now the hero
Turns, again to face his foe. So Bart,
Full wisely takes him back among his friends,
The combat watches, but safely draws not nigh.
Their breath the gazers hold as once the horse
Brave Julia called her own did stumble; but
She leapt light from her steed and free before her foe

(*Continued on page* 54.)

Senior Slams

1. Abbott Furman—"Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of."
2. Allen, Emily—"Minds that have nothing to confer, find little to perceive."
3. Amann, Marion—"Not much talk—a great sweet silence."
4. Ams, Irving—"He doth indeed show sparks that are like wit."
5. Angelillo, Marco—"Pains, reading, study are his just pretense!"
6. Balshan, George—"The more we study, the more we discover our ignorance."
7. Bassin, Alexander—
   "An idler is a watch that wants both hands,
   And useless when it goes as when it stands."
8. Biddleman, Eva—"If my future you want to grasp, do not judge me by my past."
9. Bishop, Gladys—
   "My luve is like a red, red rose,
   That's newly sprung in June."
10. Bradley, Howard—"Desirous to correct not knowing how, blaming or praising as he sees fit."
11. Bradner, Ella—"She gains strength as she travels but she travels like a snail."
12. Brooks, Constance—"Great Juno comes. I know her by her gait."
13. Brown, Gladys—"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns."
14. Carman, Harriett—
    "Silent and chaste, she steals along,
    Far from the world's gay busy throng."
15. Clark, Julia E.—
    The painter put the demon in those eyes!"
16. Clarke, Helen—"To doubt her fairness was to want an eye."
17. Clark, Jessie—"Little, but oh, my!"
18. Coffin, Anna—
    "Her very frowns are fairer far
    Than smiles of other maidens are."
19. Cetrulo, Nicholas—"As if his whole vocation were endless imitation."
20. Clymer, Charles—
    "I am always in haste,
    But never in a hurry."
21. Compierchio, Paul—
    "Gifted with noble tendency to climb,
    Yet weak at the same time."
22. Connor, Robert—
    "Famished people must be slowly nursed,
    And fed by spoonsful else they always burst."
23. Corson, Mary—
    "Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
    Those call it pleasure, and contentment these."
24. Damiano, Adolph—
    "Still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
    That one small head could carry all he knew."
25. Denton, Edith—"Many women want to live without work and worry."
26. Edsall, Mary—
    "And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
    'Tis that I may not weep."
27. Eggenberger, John—"Until at last it came to be for length and breadth, the bigness which you see."
28. Everding, Alice—"I have found you an argument, but I am not obliged to find you an understanding."
29. Farnham, Nat—
    "A very gentle creature,
    And of a good conscience."
30. Feld, Jacob—"Ambition should be made of sterner stuff."
31. Finklestein, Milton—
    "All my joys to this are folly;
    Naught so sweet as melancholy."

32. Fischel, Marian—
"Very timid, very meek, never never tries to speak."
33. Forte, Frank—
"I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety."
34. Freese, Sara—"Vanity, thy name is Sara."
35. Guerrieri, Edith—"In thee is nothing sudden."
36. Gutzat, Dorothy—
"Night after night she sat and bleared her eyes with books."
37. Handler, Lillian—"A wilful maid will have her way."
38. Hough, Marion—
"Why so mute, young student?
Prithee, why so mute?"
39. Jacoby, Margaret—
"While pensive poets painful vigil's keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep."
40. Jamison, Wesley—
"The gloom upon your youthful cheeks speaks anything but joy."
41. Kaiser, Louis—"Give me a staff of honor for my age!"
42. Kaplan, Isadore—"For every why he had a wherefore."
43. Katzin, Harry—"For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."
44. Klehm, Olive—"Well timed silence hath more eloquence than speech?"
45. Kolodin, Abraham—
"The pride his haughty brow reveals.
All other passions well conceals."
46. Laning, Anna—
"I do confess with many a sigh
My lips have breath'd you many a lie."
47. Lynch, Mildred—"Age alone does not bring dignity."
48. Martin, Katherine—"We are not born for ourselves alone, even if we think so."
49. McCarren, Anna—"Ay, finished to the finger nail."
50. McEwen, Edith—
"Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double."
51. Mendelsohn, Harris—
"He flings, he snorts, he foams, he rises inflamed."
52. Miller, Beatrice—"Better late than never."
53. Morgan, Selina—"Can woman exist with so little speech."
54. Nichols, Mary—"The voice of any person is the sword that guards her."
55. Nordling, William—
"Yet everybody must be shocked
To see you don't take pains."
56. Potaker, Benjamin—
"Give me some music, music,
Moody food of us that trade in love."
57. Potaker, Edith—
"This medal was presented to me by myself, as a token of my self-esteem."
58. Poland, Marie
"Let her who has deserved it bear the palm,
But has she deserved it?"
59. Pomeroy, Lillian—"Her only fault is that she has no faults."
60. Pucillo, John—"I often am much wearier than you think."
61. Rinsky, Harry—
"The more he studies, the more he crams,
The less the mark in his exams."
62. Rizzolo, Agnes—"My life is one horrid grind."
63. Sachs, Albert—
"They never taste who always drink
They always talk who never think."
64. Schaeffer, Beekman—"All the great men are dead and I'm not feeling well."
65. Short, Mildred—"My disdain is my reply."
66. Simmonds, Dorothy—"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."
67. Smith, Romeyn—
"Get money; still get money, boy,
No matter by what means."
68. Stauffer, Fred—"Knowledge is the hill which few may wish to climb
Duty is the path which all may tread."
69. Stevens, Ruth—
"I heard her walking across the floor
As she always does with heavy tread."
70. Stickle, Ethel—"A harmless but unnecessary thing."
71. Stoddart, Adda—
"A drooping gait, an altered size."
72. Strahan, Barton—"I am very fond of the company of ladies."
73. Urmy, Thomas—
"Honors thrive
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers."
73. Wahl, Katharine—"She is not dead but sleepeth."
74. Witsell, Fred—
"Health that mocks the doctor's rules
Knowledge (?) never learned in schools."
75. Wood, Ellsworth—"This fellow is wise enough to play the fool and to do that well."
76. Wyeth, Carol—"Thou canst not say I did it."
77. Zucker, Saul—
"Conceit may puff a man up
But not prop him up."

Personals

THE OLD STORY.

Julia Clark—This term I'm going to study!

Nordling—Do you know where you can get a chicken dinner for fifteen cents?

Zucker (he's hungry)—No! Where?

Nordling—At the feed store.

Prof.—What is a vacuum?

Miss Wahl—I have it in my head, but I can't express it.

Prof.—What's your name?

Charles Clymer—Yes, sir.

Prof.—That question shouldn't trouble you Miss Freese.

Sara—It doesn't—it's the answer!

Miss Brown—Yes, I've given up "peanut" bars.

Miss Brooks—Oh! Gladys! how "nutty."

Teacher—How is it that when you have a bad card your mother always signs it?

Father—Did it ever *dawn* on you, Romeyn?

Romeyn Smith—No, I never stayed that long.

HIM.

Em. Allen—He's simply perfect.

Jul. Clark—G'wan! you mean perfectly simple.

IN 55.

Miss C.—What do you know about Shelley's life, Bradley?

Howard Bradley—The date of his birth and the time he was born.

OUR TREASURER.

Romeyn, you're a pretty good scout!
You know, Smith, what you are about,
You're one nice guy!
And that is why—
The ladies all like you, no doubt!

Gladys Brown is merry, an all-around sport,
A mischievous girl, so goes the report.
To praise her this space is—by far—too short!

Julia Clark—I brought you my absence card, Thursday.

Prof.—Who signed it?

Julia—Why, you did.

Prof.—Is that so? I wasn't here Thursday!

Sentimental Tommy—Tommie Urmy.

Four years before the mast—June, 1917.

Innocents Abroad—1B's.

Not like other girls—Mary Corson.

Idyls (of the King)—Caesar, Cicero, Vergil. (Eh, Mr. King?)

Black Beauty—Rinsky's pony.

The Heavenly Twins—Emily Allen, Julia Clark

"My life," I say,
"For a Clifton car."
My life I play,
For a Clifton car.
Now comes in view,
A Clifton car.
Now passes me, too—
A Clifton car.
And all because
Of a Clifton car,
An hour I pass
With Mr. Barr.

HEARD IN A. A. MEETING.

Barney—These fellows that have given their nights every afternoon ought to get more than they have.

LUCKY.

What would have happened if Whitlock hadn't been around with his automobile when Barney jumped over the letter box?

Mr. Dunn (in Lab.)—Did you pupils know that Bradley had joined the militia?

NOTE:—Bradley blushed modestly.

What would happen if—
Mendelson didn't get on the honor roll?
Sara Freeze was never absent?
Witsel didn't talk in chapel?
Albert Sachs lost his voice?

A lot of lunches have we seen,
And some of them are rare,
But Witsell's lunches always are
Exactly one inch square.

A GOOD IDEA.

Julia Clark—I think I will put Tom Urmy's picture on the front page of the ACROPOLIS so that it will sell better.

IN ENGLISH.

Wood—I don't want any elocution lessons.

IN AUDITORIUM.

Mr. Stearns—Now that we have a victrola, it would be a good idea for each class to leave a record behind it.

TWENTIETH CENTURY MYSTERIES.

Why Mr. Dunn always picks on Smith.
Julia Clark's walk.
How Schaeffer hopes to pass six subjects.
The home-work Miss Coult gives you.
Chittick's baseball playing.

Tu Bee—I thought you were a farmer. How is it you're back in the school?

Tree Bee—You made the same mistake I did.

Finkelstein—She has such an air of refinement.

Potaker—Yes, her father's in Standard Oil.

Forte—Do you like bow legs?

Angililo—Yes, they give a man such an arch look.

Willie (reading the Bible)—Pa, it tells here about the evil spirit entering the swine.

Father—Well, my son?

Willie—Was that how they got the first deviled ham?

"I may stick around now," says the sapling, "but I leave in the spring."

Zucker—What makes the Tower of Pisa lean?

Kaiser—If I knew I'd try it.

Prof.—How large are the hoofs? Are they as large as my feet or my hands?

1B—No, sir, they are just ordinary sized hoofs, six.

Miss Laning—Lillian, who was born in Bethlehem?

Miss Handler—Charles M. Schwab.

Schaeffer had a Thomas cat
That warbled like Caruso;
A neighbor threw a baseball bat,
Now Thomas doesn't do so.

Mr. Dunn—How do you stiffen the white of an egg?

Sara Freeze—By beating it.

Wood (to himself)—I wonder if that is why I am so stiff?

Mr. Barr—Farnham, can you improve on Miss Hough's outline?

Farnham—Sure.

IN TRIG.

Mr. Wood—What's the matter with you, Ritchie, are you asleep?

Ritchie—Yes, sir, almost.

Wood (after cleaning the cellar)—Hey, do you buy rags and bones?

Ragman—Get on the scales.

IN 1B SCIENCE.

Teacher—What three foods are required to keep the body in health?

1B—Yer breakfast, yer dinner, and yer supper.

IN HISTORY.

Teacher—Quit this bluffing, Strahan! Who was Richard the Third? Answer "yes" or "no."

Anna—Don't you think this Muscovite onslaught is awful?

George—I've never tried it, won't you show me the steps?

PASSING SHOWS OF JUNE, '17.

Within the Law.....B. H. S. Studes
Our Betters ..... The Teachers
Turn to the Right ..... In the Corridor
Out There ..... The Park
The Wanderer ..... The Cutter
Nothing but the Truth.....Our Report Cards

Stauffer—Gee, I have an awful cold.
Urmy—How did you get it?
Stauffer—You see the bed I slept in had a spring under it, and I got my feet wet.

Prof.—Do you know the high cost of living daily increases?
Miss Fischel—Fierce, isn't it? Why, even frog legs have taken a jump.

Urmy is a good guy—
He always stands by the bunch!
Never sly—but I've a hunch—
Tom's very, very shy.

Mr. Mezger—Translate: I am hoarse.
Marie Poland—*Je suis cheval* (horse).

Miss Allen—Let me have one peek in the mirror and then I'll run.

Mr. Dasher (just introduced to Julia)—Haven't I seen you somewhere before?
Miss Clark (helpfully)—Detention, office, or Proctor's?

Stauffer—Will you please use your influence with Julia Clark?
Urmy—My *what?*

Marie Poland—Why is Barton like a knife?
Gladys Brown—I give up.
Marie—He's such a cut-up!

Admiring 1B—Mr. Idler, isn't it a lot of work to be on the ACROPOLIS?
Irve—Yes, kid, but think of the eats you get once a month.

Little 1B—Miss Coffin, who was Cyclops?
Anne (glibly)—The man who wrote the encyclopedia, dear.

Julia Clark is a mighty good friend
All her dearness could never be penned
She's clever, attractive,
In sport, always active.
Light-hearted and true to the end.

Miss Hill—The absentees are Miss Hale, Miss Storm and Miss Snow.

Jamieson—Sit near me, will you?
Rihsky—Why?
Jamieson—I want an inspiration for a joke.

Miss Pomeroy—Harriet, don't shake your head so.
Miss Carman—Oh! that's nothing.

Mr. King—The gold we seek nowadays is feminine.

Helen Clarke—I bet she's a 1B.
Anna Coffin—What makes you think so?
Helen—She said, "Pardon me!"

Jul. Clark—I know I'll have brain fever studying Virgil.
Straham—Oh, no! you won't.
Julia—Why not?
Barton—You have to have a brain before you can have brain fever.

A little "6" in English
A little blank in French,
Makes Mrs. Denton worry—
Gives Edith quite a wrench.

THE REASON.

Mr. King—Strahan, you used to be a good student—what is the matter with you this term?
Barton—Well, you see, Julia Clark sits on one side of me and Marie Poland on the other.
Mr. King—Poor Strahan, you're excused.

Ams—Who wrote Collin's "Ode to Evening?"
Damiano—Gee! I don't know. Compierchio, who wrote Collin's "Ode to Evening?"

B. H. S. PLAYS.

The Yellow Jacket.....Edith Denton's Sweater
The Blue Paradise.....The Sanctum
The Great Lover.....Thomas Urmy
The Music Master.....Benjamin Potaker

Edith McEwen—Julia, you must study more. By the way what is your favorite subject?
Clarkie—*Dan*ology.

THIS IS TRUE!

Miss McEwen—I dreamt I was in heaven last night.
Julia Clark—You did! Was I there?
Miss McEwen—Yes. That's how I knew it was a dream!

NEW BOOKS.

"How to Hypnotize the Faculty,"
by Margaret Jacoby
"The Secret of the Pearl-Handled Pen Knife,"
by Thos. Urmy
"Crushes—A Four Years' Retrospect,"
by Julia Clark
"Charlie" .....Anne MacCarren
"How to Bluff Artistically," By Barton Strahan
"How to Get Ads".....by Mildred Lynch and
Lillian Pomeroy

Miss Coult—Girls, are you ready?
Eggenberger—Yes, ma'am.

Little drops of nonsense
  Little grains of verse,
Keep our fellow students
  From growing any worse.

Angelillo—Isn't my mustache becoming?
Pucillo—Becoming fussy.

WONDERS OF OUR SENIOR CLASS.

Miss McEwen's grin.
Miss Jacoby's little man.
Miss Clark's French translations.
Kaiser's snore.
Mendelson's imperialistic conceit.
Urmy's dimples.
Miss Pomeroy's night-cap.
Miss Denton's headaches.
Bradley's manners.

SYNONYMS.

Miss Pomeroy—An inspiration.
Mendelson—A mistake.
Kaiser—A joke minus the humor.
Miss Wyeth—A dead calm.
Miss J. Clark—A wind that blows in the wrong minute.
Miss McEwen—A fiery terror.
Strahan—A geometric proposition without proof.
Attillio Rizzolo—An original idea.
Eggenberger—A large piece of art.
Sachs—An accident.
Miss Jacoby—A present-day tragedy.
Rinsky—A prophet behind glasses.
Emily Allen—The middle voice in Latin.
Finklestein—An insoluble riddle.

Lippman—"Ravens were supposed to croak when a dead corpse came along."

Miss Jacoby (translating Latin)—*"Tros Anchises."* "Three-headed Anchises."

Miss Corbett disagrees with Shakespeare's opinion, that wood (Wood) is not impressible.

There's a fine fellow called Wood
To him I take off my hood
  For knowledge he's rare
  And what's more, we're aware
That for sports he's all to the good.

Clymer—Did I understand you to say that there is nearly always something broke about your motor car? (Ford.)
Schaeffer—Yes.
Clymer—What is it, as a rule?
Schaeffer—Me.

Kind Lady—Will you stop begging and go home if I give you your carfare?
Beggar—I certainly will, mum.
Kind Lady—Where do you live?
Beggar—In San Francisco.

We love to pay our dues,
  And always pay them gladly,
But there are some exceptions,
  And one of them is Bradley.

Pretty Tommie, dear sweet Tommie,
  Dimples two have you;
Your blushes too are mighty sweet,
  And so, my dear, are you.

We have seen the Hula Hula,
  And have rambled through the park,
But never have we seen the like
  Of that walk of Julia Clark.

Sara Freese
Is a terrible tease,
  And smiles at every boy;
But when the fun,
Was just begun,
  She leaves and stops the joy.

EXPLAINED.

Harriet Carman—I rode all the way to school in the same trolley car with you the other day.
Nordling—That's strange, I didn't see you.
Harriet—Oh, I don't know. You had a seat and I was standing.

A SENIOR.

If you seek for information
Or require an explanation,
I'm a brimming fount of wisdom,
That responds to ev'ry call;
For assorted gilt-edge knowledge
I can discount any college,
I'm a simple little ostrich, but I know it all.

Constitution of the Free-Thinking Vandals

DISCOVERED IN A—'S HOME.

SECTION I.—ORGANIZATION.

Clause I. *Name.* This society shall be named the "Honorable Free-Thinking Vandals."

Clause II. *Membership.* The Knights of the Order of Latin, Habitual Flunkers, Successful Bluffers, Period Cutters, etc., are eligible for membership in this society. Teachers *absolutely* ineligible.

SECTION II.—GOVERNMENT.

Clause I. *Officers.* The officers shall be (1) Master of Horse. (12) Flunker-in-Chief. (3) Master Cutter and (4) Inventor of Bluffs.

Clause II. *Powers.* (1) The Master of Horse shall obtain suitable steeds and always keep his company well provided therewith.

(2) The Flunker-in-Chief shall arrange a program of work—school work strictly excluded—for his brigade. It shall also be his duty to train them to drowse during recitation; and not to answer above 50 per cent in tests; and to come on the wrong days for examinations.

(3) The Master Cutter shall make it his duty to apportion periods for his corps. He shall coöperate with the Inventor of Bluffs in the matter of excuses.

(4) The Inventor of Bluffs shall provide excuses for absence, tardiness, unpreparedness, etc. These excuses must be signed by himself. He shall moreover provide suitable appointments, dates, etc.—for his squad for detention hours.

Clause III. *Election.* Officers shall be appointed by themselves only. In case of numerous candidates for a single office, there shall be a fight and the survivor shall receive the appointment. Spectators may help if they see fit.

Clause IV. *Committees.* The committees shall be (1) Committee of Public Nuisance; (2) Committee of Vigilance; (3) Committee of Rewards and Archives and (4) Committee of Membership. These shall be the standing committees.

Clause V. *Duties.* (1) The Committee of Public Nuisance shall see that organized whispering and prompting during recitation, mixing of belongings, such as books, gloves, umbrellas, hats, etc., be carried out by the members of the club. They shall arrange the training of members' voices during the recess period, have knots formed in the corridors, 1B assemblies disturbed, etc. They shall also encourage face-adorning and smoking with rewards for the best.

(2) The Committee of Vigilance shall make it its duty to keep out undesirable intruders upon meetings of the club, such as teachers, reformers, etc. They shall also see that the "morale" of the club be kept up to its sub-lime tone.

(3) The Committee of Rewards and Archives shall on the application of any member, award suitable prizes—ponies, blank report cards, old note books, etc.—for services rendered; or his name may be inscribed in the archives.

(4) The Committee of Membership shall seek, by hook or by crook, to enlarge the club membership. They shall persuade students to join the blessed ranks of this holy society by proving to them in a clear way the advantages of such privileges as annoying teachers, being a nuisance, etc.

Clause VI. *Appointment.* These committees shall be self-appointed and unlimited in size.

SECTION III.—REGULATIONS.

Clause I. *Meetings.* This club shall meet once a week, on blue Mondays, during school hours—preferably cut periods.

Clause II. *Duties.* Members shall be expected to cause as much trouble as possible in any way whatsoever—such as song and yell practice, games of hide and seek, or baseball in classrooms, littering rooms with paper and peanut shells. Smoking, riding, painting, whitewashing shall also form essential parts of the curriculum.

Teacher—What animal is satisfied with the least amount of nourishment?

Stude—The moth—it eats nothing but holes.

There was a young lady named Julia,
Whose lily complexion would fool ya,
But alas! yester-night, as she blew out the light,
Her complexion exploded. Poor Julia.

Said Witsell, a coming young man,
"I'll work more than any one can,
I'll use all my might, from morning to night,
For you see I'm a Wear-Ever man."

Abbott—Well, who won the fight?
Jacobus—I did, I pushed him into some briars.
Ellsworth—Yes, but they can't prick wood.

IN 56.

Bradley—I forgot to do my Algebra to-day.
Miss Pullen—That is nothing unusual, is it?

Mr. Barr—It is remarkable how many excuses students can give, but I believe I know all of them now.

Clymer (*sotto voce*)—Oh, no, you don't!

Edith McEwen—Margaret, don't eat that piece of candy, it has dirt on it.

Margaret Jacoby—Well, it's clean dirt, anyway.

OUR PAPERS.

Star ..... Pucillo
Sun ..... Mendelson
News ..... Gladys Brown
Sunday Call .....Barton Strahan
World ..... B. H. S.
American ..... All of us

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

Miss Handler—Shall I put a cover on the potatoes?

Miss Laning—Do as you like—but I generally put it on the pan.

Miss Clark—Really, I don't think you ought to give me a zero.

Prof.—Neither do I, Julia—but it's the lowest mark there is.

Miss Denton—Furman, what would you do if you had a million?

Abbott—Nothing.

IN HISTORY.

Teacher—Tell the principal event in Roman history and give its date.

Solidivory—Mark Antony went to Egypt to keep a date with Cleopatra.

Bassin—Oh! I made a good recitation today in English and Miss Coult exclaimed, "Fine."

Mendelson—Lucky you weren't called again or she might have called out, "Prison!"

Sachs—How far can you see?

Chittich—Well!—I can see the sun—!

Rinsky—Do you know who became a general?

Ames—Who?

Rinsky—Mendelson—general nuisance.

Miss Coult—Oh! I can just see that evil expression on his face!

Angelillo—Do you mean any one in the class?

Miss Clark (translating French)—They breakfasted with the biscuits.

Mr. Mezger—What's the word for better in French?

Marie Poland (trying to say *mieux*)—Mi-ow-w.

Damiano—When Mr. King told us to do our Latin, like a fool I went and did it.

Mendelson—No, you did it like a fool.

Katzin—Isn't the hair on your head annoying?

Mendelson—Oh, no! not at all. It's next to nothing.

Dick—Then I am a liar?

Neal—On the contrary you've just spoken the truth.

Barton Strahan is wearing a *checked* suit, but no one will endorse it?

WHAT POPE LEFT OUT.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."
Irve Ams was scared so Strahan went instead.

Prof.—What's next to the largest city in U. S.?

Wood (hesitating)—Newark.

Prof.—What?

Wood—Well, isn't Newark next to N. Y.

In our 4A class you'll find—
Seniors—some of every kind,
Some who study—some who play
Some who "fuss" the time away.

J. CLARK
E. ALLEN
B. POTAKER
N. ANGELILLO
A. COFFIN
(?)
B. STRAHAN
F. STAUFFER
M. POLAND
H. RINSKY
A. SACHS

What is a Finkel stein?
Po land.
Mendel son.
Biddle man.
Simp son.

Is Mildred Short, can Mildred Curry—Witsell or Sarah Freese?

1B—How do you tell Emily Allen and Julia Clark apart?

4B—If Emily is walking with a curly-haired boy, it's Julia.

NEW BOOKS.

In the Wilderness—Taking Exams.

The Road to Understanding—Four years in B. H. S.

Outlaw—The Flunker.

The Cure—Study.

Bradley dances very well
And nowadays that counts!
He glides along as easily
As though he weighs an ounce!

Em Allen (after the popularity contest)—Mr. Strahan, Barton was voted the handsomest boy in the class.

Barton's Father—Now he'll be more conceited than ever!

THE CRIME OF A MODERN SCHOOLBOY.

Miss Hill maketh a capture.

It is a well-known teacher,
And she stoppeth one of three.
"By all the truths in Euclid,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

The office door is open wide,
And I am sent therein,
The teachers talk and some do laugh,
But most of them just grin.

The misdoer suffereth for his iniquity.

Now, Mr. Stearns comes in
"Detention room is 42;
A week in there'll do for you."

In mediation he learneth a lesson.

Day after day, day after day,
I stayed nor studied any,
As idle as the 4B class,
I watched the idle many.

And on the last day of the five,
Spent in that torture cell,
I found that I had learned a truth,
And learned it very well.

He succeedeth best, who followeth best,
All rules both great and small;
For Mr. Stearns who loveth us,
He maketh and enforceth all!

F. B. S., '17.

Miss Nichols is just the one
With whom you'd like to chat!
Mary is a pretty blonde—
A natural one—at that!

Al Sachs is very comic
He never wears a frown!
Altho' he's always jolly
He acts just like a clown!

Urmy is the leader bold
And mainstay of seventeen
Although Tommie's not so old
On his wise counsel we lean!

A lady fair is Miss Martin
As provèd by our vote!
Our handsome boy is Barton Strahan
O jealous ones take note!

Anne McCarren's so witty
She's good at fussing too!
She never shirks her work at all
Except to flirt with you.

Miss Potoker plays piano
Oh! you've all heard her play!
She always knows her Latin
Every single day!

BRADLEY'S LAMENT.

We hate to see Romeyn Smith come
From him we try to flee!
You see he is the treasurer
He's after you and me.

Miss Handler and Miss Carman
Are silent all the while;
Miss Edsall and Miss Bradner
Are also on that style!

FUSSERS' CLUB.

President—Barton Strahan.
Vice-President—Anna McCarren.
Secretary—Julia Clark.
Treasurer—Albert Sachs.
Office—Wherever they happen to be.

ROSTER OF 4A ORGANIZATIONS.
DETENTION ASSOCIATION.

President—Bob Connor.
Vice President—Jul Clark.
Secretary—Ede Denton.
Office—Usually R. 41.

CUTTERS' CLUB.

President—Sara Freese.
Vice-President—Mildred Lynch.
Secretary—Anna McCarren.
Treasurer—M. Angelillo.
Office—Proctor's.

SEWING CIRCLE.

President—Katherine Wahl.
Vice-President—Mary Edsall.
Secretary—Constance Brooks.
Treasurer—Harriette Carman.
Office—Wardrobe of R. 81.

MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY.

Julia Clark
Margaret Jacoby } Members.

CLASS IN AESTHETIC DANCING AND CLASSIC POSES.

President—B. S.
Vice-President—Strahan.
Secretary—B. Strahan.
Treasurer—Barton Strahan!!

Bradley (in History)—"Lord Northcliff says that there are too many cooks in the soup."

THE PAWNBROKER.

There was an old deaf gentleman,
To whom the crooks paid calls.
He lived upon a Berlin street
At the sign of three gilt balls.

His windows were well stocked with things,
From zithers and guitars,
To meerschaum pipes and pistols,
And rings and old cigars.

Although he lived in Germany,
No Teuton traits he bore,
For from old Ireland he came,
Before they started war.

You had to nearly split your lungs
To talk to this old miser.
And all the German words he knew
Were simply, "Hoch der Kaiser."

One day a loyal Teuton came,
He brought a horn and mug.
Oh, he was gentle and refined,
He was no common thug.

He spoke the English language too,
He'd studied long and well.
He said, "I need some money quick,
So which one shall I sell?"

The other didn't hear a word
But spouted like a geyser,
With smiles and nods and waving hands
His dear old, "Hoch der Kaiser."

The German turned bright green with rage,
A mighty oath he swore.
And then he grabbed his horn and mug
And dashed out through the door.

That night he came back with a clock.
He said 'twould tell the time,
The broker looked at it with care,
And bought it for a dime.

Although it ticked, the hands stood still.
The shape was something new.
The broker put it by his chair,
To see what it would do.

At twelve o'clock the hands *did* move.
The Irishman moved too,
And broker, hock-shop goods and all
Sailed through the skies so blue.

The man, who did the evil deed,
Was tried and shot for treason,
Because he'd "hocht" an Irishman,
Which was sufficient reason.

IN PLAIN SIGHT.

Kiell—Tremendous number of casualties, I see by the paper.

Klein—What paper?

Kiell—The flypaper.

A HOT ONE.

Miss De Pass cries out, "Alas!
The young men of to-day
Are very curt and awfully pert—
They are so fast and gay."

Miss Kaustic spoke—it is no joke—
She surely meant no pun—
"You ought to know how fast they go,
Since you've been chasing one."

PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH.

Many a man preaches home rule and his wife practices it.

DEFINITION.

Emily Allen—What is a four-flusher?

Gladys Brown—It's a man who makes a forty-five centimeter demonstration and fires a thirty-two calibre projectile.

GRILLED.

She—Haven't I seen you on the gridiron?

He—So you think I look like a football player?

She—No, I thought you looked like a lobster.

BECAUSE.

Drawing Teacher—Constance, your drawing of the mule is very good, but why didn't you finish it?

Constance Brooks—Because, Miss Rodin, you told us to leave out de tail.

Ah, well! my tough heart will not crack;
The best of memories grows a bore,
And I don't hanker to go back
To those high school days of yore!

HEPIGRAMS.

The weigh of the transgressor is anything less than sixteen ounces to the pound.

Honesty is not the best pull, I see.

Marry in haste to repent in alimony.

Two of a mind don't make one of a kind always.

Only the rarest woman is superior to her beauty.

HOW THEY DO IT.

Farnham—They say that waiters can always size a man up.

Marion Amamm—I suppose they measure him from tip to tip.

WHEN SUFFRAGETTES RULE.

When lady judges hold the courts
  And lady cops the force,
The hydrants will be painted pink
  And spout cologne, of course.
On every corner there will be
  A powder puff and glass,
With chewing gum and caramels
  Ad lib. for all who pass.

Each store will be compelled to have
  A daily bargain sale;
A manicure will then attend
  The inmates of the jail;
And nothing but the kind of drinks
  Imbibed through little straws
Will ever in cafes be served,
  When women make the laws.

OUR ASPIRING SUFFRAGETTES.

Mary Edsall.
Harriet Carman.
Constance Brooks.
Katherine Wahl.
Lillian Handler.
Ethel Stickle.

Abbott—In politics is it dishonest to buy votes?
Farnham—Yes, if you don't pay for them.

'TWAS EVER THUS.

Mary Corson—Were they all drowned in that accident?

Miriam Hough—All but the fellow who rocked the boat.

WISE GIRL.

Mildred Curry—You don't believe all you hear, do you?

Selina Morgan—Gracious, no! Why, dear, I don't even believe all I say.

AFTER VACATION.

Who steals my purse steals trash—
  That is no idle quip.
I have no ready cash;
  I'm just back from my trip.

TRY THIS.

Fold a dollar bill and place it in your vest pocket. As you take it out you will find it in creases.

"Pop" Connor sat in his car
  And made a fuss,
Because some people took it
  For a jitney bus.

Ruth Stevens—What's a boob, Olive?

Olive Klehm—He's a fellow who goes on a picnic and always manages to sit in the custard pie.

Dorothy Gutzat—What do they mean by a long winter's evening?

Miriam Fischel—A portion of the day which existed before the era of movies and talking machines.

Edith McEwen—Did you ever see our family tree?

Margaret Jacoby—No, but I bet it's a peach.

Marie Poland—If a child has an English father, and a German mother, and is born on a French ship flying an Austrian flag in Russian waters, what is he?

Edith Denton—He is strictly neutral.

Comperchio—What do you think of my new shoes, Adolph?

Damiano—Immense!

Ill-judged humor causes many a breach, but war is no witty schism.

Schneider—Can February March?

Salzman—No, but April May.

Schneider—Look here old man, your out of June.

Salzman—Don't July about it.

Schneider—It is not often that one gets the better of your August personage.

Salzman—Ha! Now you think you have me Noctober.

And then there was work for the coroner.

INTERROGATIONS.

Is it cruel to beat a retreat?
Can you blow the horn of plenty?
Will a skeleton-key open a deadlock?
Can you register a vow at the post office?
What is the best season for raising hopes?
Why should well-water ever be unhealthful?
Is a sea-horse in any way related to a bay mare?

A little hit took Maze to first
  He stole to second base
A wild throw let him down to third,
  He slid home on his face.

Mary bought a little lamb
  But still I greatly fear
That at the place where she did eat
  It was a little dear.

There is a young chap named Frazer,
Who cut his lip with a razor,
  The things he did say
  Were neither cheerful nor gay,
As for his mother, they sure did amaze her.

GALA DAYS AT WELLESLEY.

IN writing of gala days at Wellesley, I hardly know where to begin. We have so many such days that it is difficult to choose only a few. So I shall start in the very beginning.

We Freshmen are treated royally. The first Saturday evening after we arrived the Christian Association gave a large reception for us. Each one of us, already feeling very big and important, was escorted by an upper classman to the great affair. Here we were introduced to the President of the College, to the president of C. A., of A. A., to the dramatic club president, and the president of student government, and to lots of girls of all classes, whose names we promptly forgot, but who gave us such a warm welcome to college that we felt the class of 1920 was just as important, if not more so, than any other class.

Our importance grew the following week, when the dramatic club gave us a dance in the barn. I must explain that the barn is one of the most important of Wellesley's buildings. All the informal college dances, the socials, teas and plays, gotten up on the spur of the moment, are held here. We always look forward to a roaring good time at the barn affairs.

The Juniors gave their play for us in the barn the week following the Barnswallows' dance. Here, we really got our first taste of Wellesley informality. We discovered that the best seats of all were those on the floor in front of the first row of faculty seats. We also discovered, by looking around us, that all the girls brought their knitting to the barn affairs, and knitted during the play. Between the acts, the classes sang college songs, and cheered for each other, and for the people in the cast, vieing with one another to see which could cheer the loudest; 1920 felt more important than ever when 1918 cheered for us, and promised to be a good sister class to us. After the play, each Freshman had to say a hasty good-bye to her kind sister who had taken her to the play and she had to run all the way to the village in order to reach home before 9:45. I would not dare tell you what would happen if she were late.

Now I must say a word about step singing. Every Monday and Wednesday evenings in the fall and spring, all of the classes gather on the Chapel steps, the seniors having the seats of honor on the top steps, the juniors just below them, the sophs. on one side and we Freshies on the other. We sing from 7 o'clock until 7.45. There is nothing that makes one feel as loyal to the college or that makes one love it as much as those evenings on the Chapel steps, where we all sing the Alma Mater and our famous Wellesley musical cheer. It is the girls who do not go to step singing who are discontented with college and say they are getting nothing out of it.

One Saturday night last fall, the Sophs. came down from the campus and serenaded us. They stopped at each Freshman house in the village and sang some clever songs to us. They sang mighty well, but not as well, we think, as we did the following Saturday when the Freshies, 550 strong, returned the Sophs' call, and serenaded each one of the campus houses. We were dressed in green (as our class color is to be a secret until tree day) with funny little green puffs around our necks, and the Sophs called is "Roughnecks," and "Fresh, green peppers," but the Juniors cheered us as "Peppy peppers, too." Of course, we Freshmen are teased a lot, but we're a good-natured class and don't mind. We get more attention than any other class. Next year we will fade into the background and the class of 1921 will take our place.

The Sophomores also gave a big dance for us. Every year the Sophs. give a Prom. to the Freshman class. Here the underclassmen meet on friendly terms, and forget their rivalry for one whole evening.

I wish I might tell you of *all* our good times—of the Junior teas, the pit parties, where we toast marshmallows and frankfurters and have real hot

cocoa and good rolls, the Freshmen socials. Especially, I wish I might tell you of May Day, when we all dress as little girls, and the Seniors roll hoops down one of the big hills on the campus to Chapel. The first one that gets there, is supposed to be the first one married, needless to say, the captain of the running team generally comes in ahead. I wish I could describe the impromptu vaudeville we get up in our own house, or that I could take you with me on a sleigh ride or, since it is now spring on one of our canoe trips, but must not tell you everything, or there will be nothing for you to find out yourselves. I am just showing you how royally the Sophs., Juniors and Seniors have treated us, and am willing to guarantee that you girls of 1921 and '22, who come to Wellesley will be treated just as well, and I know that long before the end of your Freshman year you will love it as I do.

CHARLOTTE WOOD.
B. H. S., '15, Wellesley, 20.

WELLESLEY AMAZONS.

IF you need or desire a finishing course in good sportmanship, muscle development, clear-headedness, or pure wholesome fun, come to Wellesley. Here, you will acquire each and all of these characteristics in the two years of required gymnastics and outdoor sports. Perhaps you will wear a long, disgusted bored face to your first few call-outs or gym periods, but I guarantee that it will not be long before you catch the spirit of Wellesley and enter into sports with a vim and light heart.

Let me tell you something about our outdoor sports. Each sport is under the supervision of a coach and a senior; each class team has a captain. One has a wide choice, for the curriculum offers archery, basketball, baseball, golf, hockey, running, tennis, and crew. I can hear the boys laughing at the latter, but I can assure them that if they once saw the Junior crew speeding down the lake in perfect unison with their little cox shouting through her megaphone, "Catch—away, catch—away," they would bow in respect to the Wellesley Amazons. Some Harvard crew coaches came out one spring to judge in our crew competition. After it was over they said to our coach, "Mr. Fetti, we must acknowledge that we came out here expecting to see rather a farce, but we are going away with the opposite idea." That sounds pretty good for our rowers. Each class owns a boat, a regular four-hundred-dollar boat. In the spring there is a gay festive time, when the crews compete for form rather than speed. Each class has its boat decorated with its colors so that it is a pretty sight which meets the observer's eye when he looks toward Lake Wabau.

Fall is the big time for the other sports. There is always one Saturday set aside for field day when the classes compete with one another. Then inter-class rivalry is supreme; then we are almost as excited as Barringerites are on Thanksgiving. The Seniors won the meet last year, but then we Freshies consoled ourselves by saying that the best team always wins, and the best team is the one with most practice, so we are doomed to win when we are Seniors.

After the games, races, and archery tournament are over we gather together for the presentation of numerals, W's and cups. Each member of a team receives her numerals. She must win them two consecutive times in the same sport before she may keep them. The W's are a choice prize, and they are awarded to only the most skilled. A girl must have played two years on a team, received the highest possible mark in carriage, sportsmanship, and skill, before she can even hope for the coveted letter. A girl with a W is some one to look up to. The cups are presented to the winning teams.

When fall sports are over we take to the James nasium, as chief would say, for our exercise. The gym is much larger than the Barringer one, and more fully equipped. The periods, which come twice a week, are divided into three parts of fifteen minutes each. First we have marching, snappy, peppy military marching; then comes floor work, and lastly apparatus. In the latter we try not to see how high we can climb the ropes, but how high we can get up with perfect form. In valuting the box, it is not a question of how high one's pedal extremities fly into the air, but rather how good a landing one can make after your aerial flight.

The Juniors and Seniors are in the highest class and they learn the more advanced tricks and turns. They have an indoor meet in the spring, such as the girls often have in Barringer, but with inter-class competition to make it more exciting. Girls who make the indoor team win numerals and sometimes W's just as the girls on sport teams.

So much for our organized exercise. There is another kind, just as valuable, which we take soon after we get here. That is walking. Freshmen live about a mile from the campus, so each Frosh does at least four miles of that sport a day. At first we got very tired; each girl vowed that she could never stand it, but after the first stiffness of the first few days wore off, we were surprised to find that walking was no longer a bore but a pleasure. Cold winter mornings with the thermometer registering sixteen below, we found the going rather hard, but we soon discovered that a brisk walk cleared the cobwebs out of our heads and made us better able to carry on the academic work which is above all the main cause for our being here.

Athletics, then, whether organized or not, are only a means to an end. The end is the building

up of fine healthy bodies, the development of clear heads, and the making of clean-minded, energetic, capable women.

ETHEL EMILY SCHAEFFER,
B. H. S., '16, W., '20.

WELLESLEY.

YOU have been reading of the athletic contests, frivolities and "good times" that we have here at Wellesley—those things which *with* the academic, help to make up the college life. And now for a little more serious talk, for there are two sides to everything; and, of co[illegible] college is not *all* play.

There are some girls who have to or wish to earn money to help pay their expenses through college, and for these the following ways and means of self-support are provided. Most of these opportunities are simple, taking little time, and not detracting, in any marked degree, from either your studies or your enjoyment. To enumerate a few:

At Eliot House, one of the largest of the freshman dormitories (accommodating from seventy to eighty girls), freshmen may wait on tables two or three times a day, and thus reduce their board to $1.00 per week. The students doing this, have their rooms, not in Eliot, itself, but in smaller neighboring houses.

For all *other* students, there is the opportunity for application to Fiske, a campus dormitory, where forty students live. The requirement here is one hour of house-work per day, of various kinds (dusting, waiting on tables, etc., *NOT* scrubbing, cooking or the like). This work has, up to the present year, reduced board $125. per year; this year and from now on, the reduction is $100. The work here is not burdensome, and the girls have a great many jolly good times! These are the only two houses provided for this purpose, but the other ways and means are the following:

General Aid is a system by which people who wish work done and those who want work to do, are brought into contact, by signing up on the Christian Association Bulletin Board. The work is of all kinds, mending, dressmaking, stenography, copying, etc. There are standard rates for the different kinds of work, varying from twenty cents per hour for clerical work to forty cents for serving dinners, etc. General Aid work is done by students for the village people, faculty, and other students. There are many opportunities here for adding to one's bank account.

Secondly, there is the *Self-Help Bulletin Board,* which is situated in the College Administration Building. Here are posted notices of all opportunities or positions which have come to the notice of the secretary to the President of the College, who is in charge of this department.

The above are just a few, though the most important of the opportunities for self-help. They are comparatively easy, and open to all alert, ambitious girls, who really want a college education. Everyone admires and is willing to help along in every way possible, the girl who helps put herself through college. Besides your education, you gain much practical knowledge, and unmeasurable strength of character. I strongly advise every girl, who has for a moment, given *up* the thought of a college education, because it seemed too expensive, to reconsider the matter, and to look further into these possibilities. The girls who help themselves in this way certainly are worthy of the highest praise. These girls are here among the most admired, respected and finest "all-round-college" girls.

As to the desirability of Wellesley for a future Alma Mater, reams could be written on this subject. Since I am a Wellesley girl, many will say that I am prejudiced. Be that as it may, these facts remain. Wellesley is one of the foremost of women's colleges in this country. Why not in selecting a college, choose a representative one? Its standards of scholarship are generally recognized as the highest. Its commanding position secures for its students, the added educational advantages of contact with great people in the world of thinkers. The majority of all the great and representative people visit Wellesley either as lecturers or as guests of the college. Just a few of "those you hear about" whom I recall having enjoyed lately are Sir Rabindranath Tagore, Stephen Leacock, Vachel Lindsay, Lyman Abbott, Dr. Johnston Ross, Dr. Charles Gordon and Professor Tichenor. This is not mentioning our own faculty staff, which includes many members who are not merely instructors, but who have written articles and books, and are of importance in the thinking world. The advantage of contact with such minds as these need not be emphasized.

Further, there is the distinct democratic atmosphere which pervades Wellesley; it is noted for being one of the most democratic of colleges. Every girl is just as good as any other, the opportunities for showing her intrinsic worth lie entirely within herself. And here, out of some 1,700 girls, you have every chance to pick lots of life-long friends, and to choose the kind you like best, those which most appeal to you.

Situated as the college is, fifteen miles from the City of Boston, we have the added advantages of the tradition and culture centering in this New England city. The students go, in great numbers, every week to the Symphony Concerts, to the Opera, in the season, and to the important theatrical productions; thus gaining the essential of all culture—a broad, cosmopolitan outlook.

The college grounds themselves seem to me ideally situated near enough to Boston, so that you *can* get to a city, when you feel the need of change or are restless; and yet far enough out

from the city to make you think you are in real country, and can enjoy nature to the fullest. Wellesley is just a small village, practically made by the college. The college grounds are very extensive and extremely beautiful, with stretch upon stretch of rolling green, and buildings far enough apart never to give a cluttered, shut-in appearance. Many of the buildings are very new, built of cheery, red brick with fine reception rooms, large dining rooms and the most attractive individual rooms. These dormitories include all the modern conveniences of many telephones, elevators, kitchenettes, mail-chutes, etc., and accommodate from ninety to two hundred and fifty girls. There is an equal number of smaller houses, though, for those who prefer more privacy. The campus also includes Lake Wabau, of which you have probably read—for it plays an important part in our sports, and in our recreation.

I have not yet begun to exhaust my subject; for any present or past student could talk on and on, especially about the desirability of Wellesley! If anyone would be interested to know more, I should be very glad to tell them all that I know of the subject. And everyone of you reconsider the matter and see if you really don't think you had better come to Wellesley College!

MARION B. ABBEY,
Barringer, June, 1914.
Wellesley, 1918.

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY.

The location of Syracuse University is ideal, situated as it is high on the crest of a ridge well removed from the noise and dust of the city and overlooking a broad valley that stretches away to the west. The campus with its many buildings dedicated to the different phases of education, presents a truly inspiring picture to the visitor, begetting in him the desire to become a student so that he may enjoy the fine advantages that the college extends to all. The courses offered at Syracuse are many and varied. In addition to those common to most colleges such as literature, mathematics, science, law and medicine, there are attractive ones in agriculture, architecture, drawing and design, music, library work and oratory.

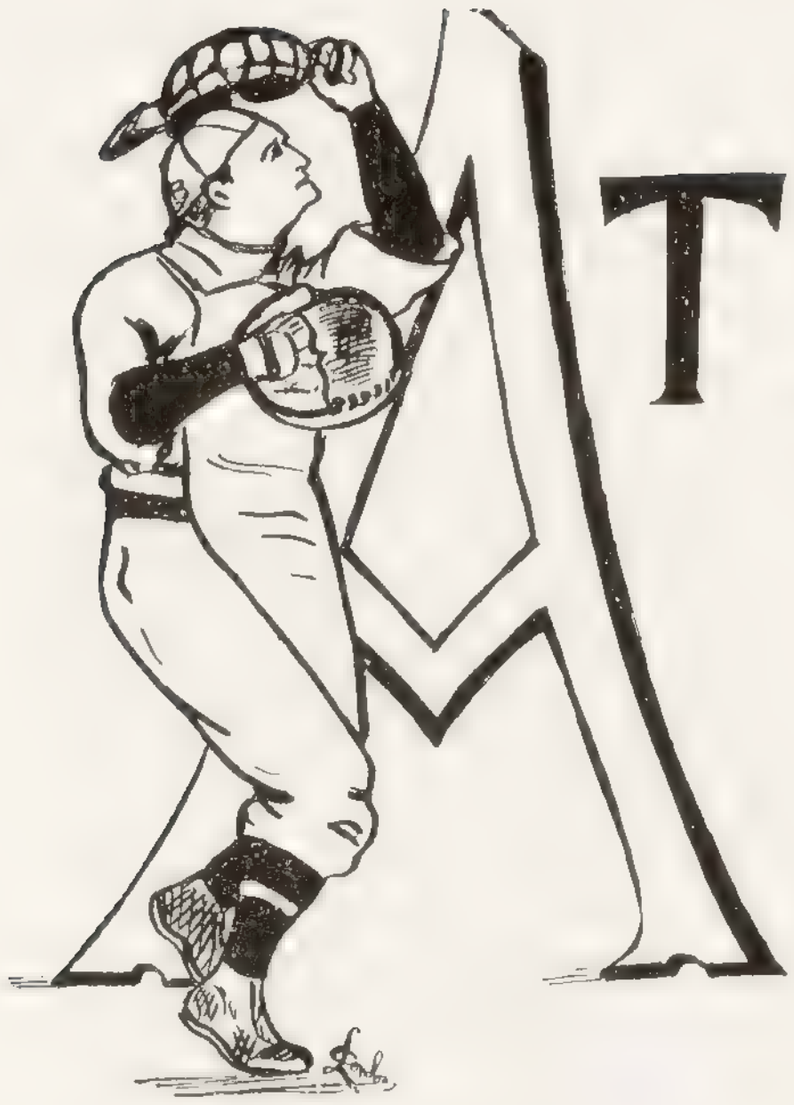
I went to Syracuse because I had a special liking for oral English, including elocution and dramatics. On investigation I found it was the only college in the country that, so far as I could learn, had a four years' course leading to a degree that was comparable to that of an A.B. in which I could satisfy my liking and at the same time get a well balanced education.

I think a co-educational institution has more advantages than disadvantages when compared with a girls' college. In the first place as soon as you enter a class room you find there is not so much difference between it and that of the high school. The professors and instructors are more like high school teachers. Again if there is a difference in the way a man and a girl look at a given problem, in a class room composed of boys and girls, you get the re-action of both on it. A co-educational institution seems more natural and reasonable to a girl who has had her entire training in a co-educational school. It seems also the more reasonable, since men and women together have to face the same problems of life, that they should be trained in common to think out some of them. At Syracuse, because it is a co-educational institution the social life is more varied. Men and girls mingle in their social affairs in a natural fashion just as they do in the high school. The only difference being that the girls control and dominate the social atmosphere much more completely than they do in the high school. The men, therefore, are very careful not to do anything that will in any way offend the girls.

The fraternities and sororities occupy a very important place in the social life of a college. During the early part of a freshman year there is practiced a system of rushing by which students are able to ally themselves with a group kindred in feeling and ambition. The kindly care and oversight of the older girls in a Chapter House over the new students and then the transfer, to them, of duties and responsibilties as they in turn are assigned to look after newcomers, is quite like the big sister movement in vogue at Barringer.

The Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A. hold important places in the college life. They are considered churches of the universities and nearly all of the students are connected with these organizations in some way or other. There is hard work at Syracuse and plenty of it, no matter what the course. So don't select Syracuse as your college unless you enjoy buckling down and during your level best every day. The appeal of Syracuse to Barringer students lies in the splendid chances it holds out to them for doing faithful work in a chosen field and doing it under exceptional conditions of location, equipment, curricula and instruction, in a healthful spot surrounded by an atmosphere of uplift and real joy in living the college life.

ESTHER L. PICKWICK, B. H. S. '16.
733 Livingston Avenue,
Syracuse, New York.



ATHLETICS

ATHLETES OF JUNE, '17.

JOHN PUCILLO.

Four years ago, a young man by the name of John Pucillo, made his *debut* in Barringer athletics. Although he had some experience as a pitcher in the Franklin School, he was still a youngster. With careful training "Puch" succeeded in gaining for himself a place on the Varsity Baseball Team. "Puch" showed himself a promising lad in his first season and by perseverance and constant practice he has become Barringer's best twirler. Talk about the "Spit Balls" and "Macaroni Twists!"

It was due to his excellent pitching that the blue and white squad got possession of the City League Championship in 1915 and 1916. Now that he is captain of the "Diamond Kings" he expects to sport Barringer's colors over the teams of the City League as well as those of the Interscholastic League. Well, here's luck to you, John!

MARCO ANGELILLO.

Marco Angelillo, a graduate of Franklin School, first came to the front in 1914, when by his grit and fight he won a place on the Barringer Cross-Country Team. He was of great assistance to the squad when they captured the City Championship in 1915 from South Side High. By his gameness he has been an important factor in the varsity team for the last two years. Angelillo has shown his athletic ability on the Track Team also, especially in the 880-yard run, and in the shot put. Besides being a hill-and-daler and a member of the Track Team for three years, the "Duke" has won honors as a wrestler, by being placed in the school championship wrestling tournament.

BEEKMAN SCHAEFFER.

Beekman Schaeffer, another graduate of Franklin and member of the present 4A class, first received his second team B for his services on the Track Team. In the same year, 1914, he won his second team emblem for football. In the following year Beekman won his major B for track, also establishing a junior pole vault record for the N. H. S. A. A. Through good playing in 1916 he was chosen end on this famous Barringer Football Team. Then, again, he won honors for the Track Team in senior vault and high jump. He carried the blue and white this winter in several successful games of hockey, playing center. Schaeffer is also a Barringer High School delegate to the N. J. I. A. A.

ELLSWORTH WOOD.

Ellsworth Wood, a graduate of Garfield Grammar School, '13, and a member of our illustrious class, has made himself notable during his high school career by running on the Varsity Cross-Country Team, showing lots of "Pep." When the call went out for bowlers he was among the first to offer himself. It was there that he showed great ability as a bowler.

LOUIS KAISER.

Louis Kaiser entered Barringer from 13th Avenue School. In 1913 he succeeded in obtaining a job as center on the scrub football team. After holding this position for two years he finally won the position of guard on the Varsity squad and held that position on the '15 and '16 championship teams. In 1914 he helped the second baseball team in all their games. It would be unfair not to mention his ability as a wrestler, for he placed in the heavy-weight championship

tournament. In 1916 our friend Louis was elected manager of the Hockey Team and also a member of the Faculty Advisory Committee.

FRED WITSELL.

Captain Fred Witsell, another member of the 4A Class, has put the best he has into Barringer athletics. In 1914 he succeeded in winning his second team track emblem and up to the present time, three first team emblems. Fred specialized in pole-vault and showed his "pep" by breaking two records in the N. J. I. A. A. and in the City Athletic Meets, which he still holds. He is considered one of the best vaulters in the New Jersey High Schools, both for form and height. In 1915 Witsell was elected captain of the track team and again in 1916. Besides being on the track team, Witsell showed Barringer he was an excellent manager when he led the football team of 1916 through three championships.

A number of the girls of the 4A class have been active in athletics during the entire four years. Especially in basketball did they excel. Through their splendid team work, they captured the basketball championship of '15, '16. In other sports their interest and coöperation has not been found wanting.

ALLEN, EMILY

"They laugh that win."
Basketball, '13.
Swimming, '16.

BROWN, GLADYS

"May the *end* always justify the means."
Basketball, '13, '14.

CLARK, JULIA E.

"She needs no eulogy."
Basketball, '13, '14, '15.
Captain, basketball team, '14.
Baseball, '13.
Hockey, '13.

COFFIN, ANNA

"On their own merits modest maids are dumb."
Basketball, '13, 14.

DENTON, EDITH

"Where there are none to admire 'tis useless to excel."
Basketball, '14, '15.

KLEHM, OLIVE

"Her favorite gem—the diamond."
Baseball, '14.
Basketball, '15, '16.
Meets, '15, '16.
Swimming, '16.

McCARREN, ANNE

"A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck."
Basketball, '14, '15, '16.
Baseball, '13.
Captain, Tennis Team, '15.
Meets, '14, '15, '16.

POMEROY, LILLIAN

"Let us do or die."
Basketball, '16.
Meet, '16.

STEVENS, RUTH

"Let others hail the rising sun,
I bow to that whose race is run."
Swimming, '16.
Meets, '14, '15, '16.
Baseball, '14.
Basketball, '15, '16.

As captains, many of the girls of the Senior A Class have assisted the gym teachers in their work of training the girls of B. H. S.:

Amann, Marion, '15, '16.
Brown, Gladys, '15, '16, '17.
Coffin, Anna, '15, '16, '17.
Corson, Mary, '15, '16.
Denton, Edith, '15, '16, '17.
Edsall, Mary, '15, '17.
Fischel, Miriam, '16.
Freese, Sara, '15.
Handler, Lillian, '16, '17.
Jacoby, Margaret, '16, '17.
Klehm, Olive, '16, '17.
Martin, Katherine, '14, '15.
McCarren, Anne, '15, '16, '17.
Nichols, Mary, '16, '17.
Poland, Marie, '15, '16, '17.
Pomeroy, Lillian, '17.
Short, Mildred, '15, '16.

BARRINGER SUPERIOR TO SOUTH SIDE.

Barringer jumped to first place in the City League by defeating South Side High School at the City Field by a score of 13-3. In the first inning of the game the outcome seemed very problematic; but when Barringer got its eye on the old pill and scored eight runs, in the second, it was evident that the game was sewn up and stored away. We must say that "Puch" certainly did twirl the ball. Crooks caught well behind the bat and Gregory, Sosnow, Parese, and Puccillo landed heavily on the ball. Although Barringer was guilty of four errors, the team played a snappy fielding game.

The line-up:

Barringer

	R.	H.	E.
Berg, 3b	1	0	2
Poole, lf	2	0	0
Gregory, cf	2	1	0
Parese, rf	1	1	0
Maze, 1b	2	0	1
Puccillo, p	2	1	0
Browning, 2b	1	0	0
Sosnow, ss	1	2	1
Crooks, c	1	0	0
Gordon	0	0	0
Turner	0	0	0
Totals	13	5	4

(*Continued on page* 54.)

CNT

South Side

	R.	H.	E.
Kohn, cf	0	1	0
Lewis, 1b	0	0	1
Weissmith, c	1	1	0
Thevenet 3b	1	1	1
Budish, lf	0	2	0
Seaman, p	0	0	0
Gardner, rf	0	0	2
Kitterer, ss	1	2	0
Walt'maker, 2b	0	1	4
Poles, rf	0	1	1
Totals	3	9	9

South Side	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—	3
Barringer	3	8	0	0	0	0	2	0	x—	13

BARRINGER SWAMPS MONTCLAIR.

Barringer had no difficulty in winning from Montclair by a score of 12 to 6. The victory was partly due to Montclair's bad fielding and party due to Turner's excellent pitching. On account of the wet grounds it was hard for both teams to field regularly. This accounts for the numerous errors on both sides. Turner was there with his best, allowing his antagonists but three hits. Barringer's line-up was so strong that two Montclair pitchers gave way to their heavy hitting. The line-up:

Barringer.

	R.	H.	E.
Berg, 3b.	2	0	2
Poole, l.f.	2	2	0
Gregory, c.f.	1	1	1
Rizzolo, r.f.	1	0	0
Pavese, c.	1	1	0
Maze, 1b.	1	0	0
Turner, p.	1	2	3
Browning, 2b.	2	1	1
Sosnow, s.s.	1	0	2
Pucillo, r.f.	0	0	0
Sutton, r.f.	0	0	1
Foster, 1b.	0	0	0
Total	12	7	10

Montclair.

	R.	H.	E.
Meyer, l.f.	0	0	0
Redall, 1b.	0	0	1
Forstall, c.f.	1	0	0
Kohler, s.s.	2	1	1
Rose, p.	1	0	1
Senior, c.	1	1	2
Foster, 2b.	0	0	0
Hopkins, r.f.	0	0	0
Stafford, 3b.	0	0	0
Ives, p.	1	0	1
Hanks, p.	0	1	0
Arra, r.f.	0	0	0
Total	6	3	6

PROSPECTS FOR BARRINGER IN N. J. I. A. A. TRACK MEET.

Barringer has a brighter out-look for a victory in the annual N. J. I. A. A. meet this year than it has had in a long while. Stevens School has not been doing much in the way of athletics this year and so their chances are, practically nil.

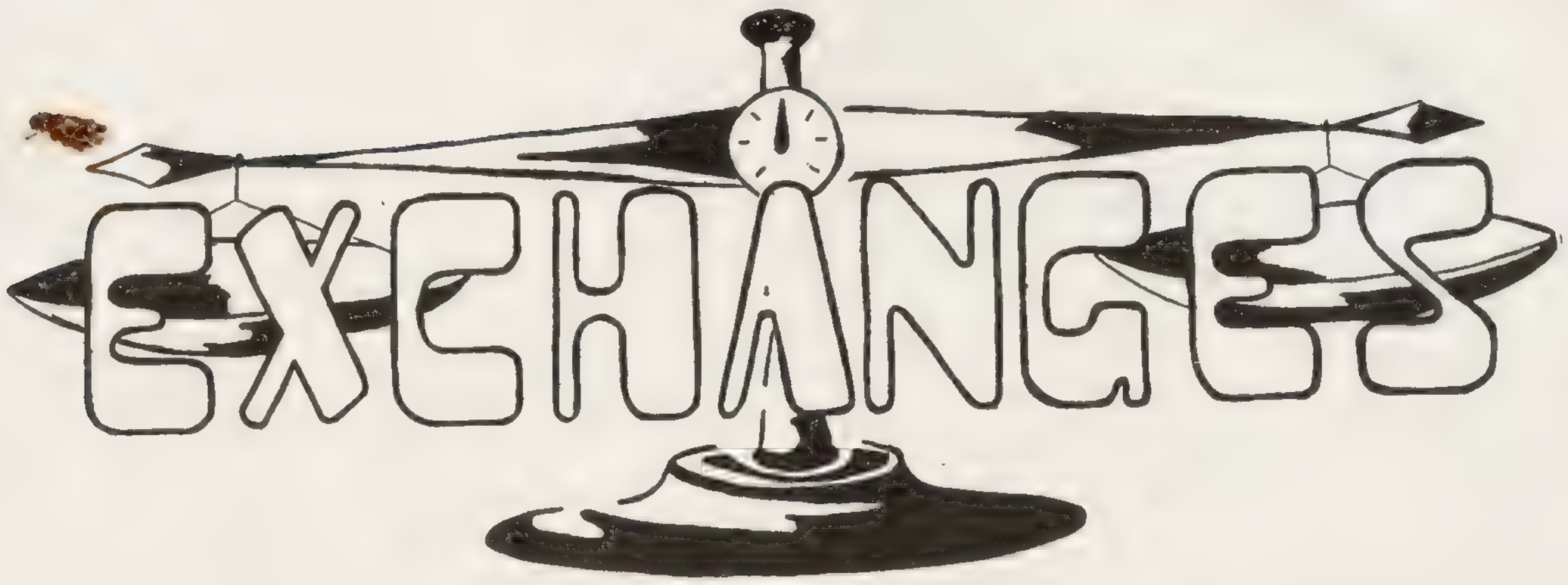
Montclair will be minus the services of their weight man, Gordon Brown, who has several records tacked to his name. The most dangerous man on the team is captain Stewart Forstall who last year captured the half-mile run in stunning fashion. However one man can't do much.

We have already defeated East Orange in several meets this year. Captain Witsell will no doubt capture the pole vault and Chittick, Ten Eyck, Foster, Woostruff are looked upon to score their share of the points. For these reasons our chances for a championship are exceedingly high.

LATIN COMBATS.

(*Continued from page* 35.)

She stood. And then she deftly ran around
Hard Vergil, deceived him with her wiles, so many;
And now the maiden, now the hero gains;
And now they both withdraw, but again more fiercely
Charge. At last upspeaks the hero. "Stop!"
He cries, "thy might is amazonic, maiden,
And rather would I let thee live, not slay;
The honors all are thine, for thou hast fought
With *me* but are not conquered." Thus he spake
Her youthful friends did cheer and laugh for joy
As this they heard. Once more their spirits rose.
Johnnie next to battle went and boldly
Plied the fray, but soon was hard beset;
His cause seemed almost lost when lo!
Fair Emily swiftly cut the foe and made
Him stay his lifted arm. And Marie now
To succor John doth come; and all the three
Poor Vergil surround. "Fair play, fair play," the King
Doth cry and Marie and John retire and Emily.
By now the hero is faint; his wounds cry out
For help; his gashes gory outlet his strength;
Himself doth sink upon the soil and lies
All lifeless. Fortune blindly favored the many,
"The victory's ours, my braves!" the King exclaims
And wisely smiles as joy his eyes abrights.



We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of these exchanges for last month: *Aster, Alleynian* (England), *Artesan* (Bridgeport), *Archon, Apokeepsian; Brown Daily Herald, Boy's Lantern, Bulletin, Carteret, Clarion, Clio, Casenovian, Columbian Alumni News, Comet, Collinsville Echo, Crimson and White, Columbia Alumni Weekly, Holman Magazine, Helvis, Iris* (Phila.), *Iris, Stem, Literary Novice, Lawrenceville Lit, Lassell Leaves, Lafayette, Kernel, Mass. Collegian, Mirror* (Phila.), *Mirror* (Beth.), *Miscellany, Old Penn, On Bounds, Onward, Princeton Pictorial, Punch Bowl, Polytechnic, Reading Echo, Review, Rutherfordian, Sphinx* (Centralia), *Sphinx; Shuttle, Spectator, School Life, Skirmisher, Shucis, Year Book, Syracuse Daily Orange, Signal, Tuskegee Student, Tradesman, Targum, Torch, Vincentian, Tech Monthly, Wesleyan Argus, Williams Record, Yale Alumni Weekly, Yellow and Blue.*

RED AND WHITE, ELIZABETH, N. J.

As soon as we looked at your paper, *Red and White,* we noticed the absence of your table of contents. Your literary department is very good this month. "Wanted—a Hero" is very interesting. "Paradise Lost," is also good. Your "Exchanges" are not a credit to such a fine paper. A bare acknowledgement is not enough. There is room for improvement, *Red and White.*

SPECTATOR, TRENTON, N. J.

Well *Spectator,* we were glad to see your Sophomore number. But your Sophomores still have a few things to learn. First, they forgot a table of contents altogether. Next, they have no cuts, and few department heads. Third and last, they made graduate notes a sub-department of athletics. Otherwise this number is very good, *Spectator.* The story "The Little White House," is very good, as are most of the others.

You have a fine little paper this month. Athletics and Class Notes are written up well. Why not enlarge your Exchange Department? Your Literary Department is interesting as well as long.

THE READING ECHO, FLEMINGTON, N. J.

Your Literary School Notes are written up well. Why not devote a page or two to jokes? You have a good Editorial Department. Welcome, *Onward.*

THE ONWARD, VERONA, N. J.

You publish a very interesting little paper. Would it not be better to give a whole page to your table of contents? Your cuts are original, and add to the attractiveness of the paper. Come again, *Torch.*

THE TORCH, DOYLESTOWN, PA.

The cover of your Spring number is very attractive. Your Art Department is to be congratulated for its originality and clever work. Why not criticize some of your exchanges? You might add to the attractiveness of your paper by enlarging your Joke Department.

THE SPECTATOR, PATERSON, N. J.

You have some very good editorials this month, but where is your Literary Department? It would be better to have all your jokes grouped together. Shop Notes is a very interesting department. Come again, *Artisan.*

THE ARTISAN, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Your Literary Department is one of the best we have received this month, but why not put it before your editorials? "Importance of Elocution in Everyday Life," is very interesting and is of much help to us. Your art surely

THE IRIS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

gives life to the paper. Your Joke Department is well arranged, but should be given more space.

A table of contents is very essential and that's one thing you lack. Cuts and stories are very clever. Your paper has lots of pep as is shown in the cartoons. We see you don't have any trouble in getting ads in Scranton. Your business manager deserves credit for this good showing.

TECH MONTHLY,
SCRANTON, PA.

You have an attractive paper *Crimson and White*. Your stories and jokes are the best parts of your issue. Exchanges are well handled. Why not a cut for School Notes? We should be pleased to receive another visit from you.

ALBANY, N. Y.
CRIMSON AND WHITE,

The cover is very appropriate and neat. Editorials are well written. Your Literary Department is a good one and worth reading. The picture of your staff of editors is a dandy, making *The Mirror* very attractive. Where is the alumni section?

THE MIRROR,
WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

We are more than pleased to hear of your extreme interest in "interscholastic debating," and we wish you all success. *The Targum* seems in every way to be up to the notch. You have quantity as well as quality. The new cut shows great skill, and it is most pleasing to hear that it has been presented to the *Targum* by one of the students. We hope to keep up our friendship.

THE TARGUM,
RUTGER'S COLLEGE,
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

We always expect a good issue from you, *On Bounds,* and we are seldom disappointed. This month's number is as good as usual. You still adhere to the old order, Editorials before Literature, but we forgive that. "In the Viper's Coils," is very realistic. We hope it isn't a true story. Your paper is always welcome, *On Bounds.*

ON BOUNDS,
MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Welcome, again, *Holman Magazine.* We like to see such a fine magazine managed entirely by girls. Your patriotic editorial is very timely. We are sorry to see it placed before "Lit." though. "Lit." is very good this month. It is very pleasant to notice the work of the Junior Department. Some day they will edit the whole paper. Exchanges might be fuller.

You have such a fine paper this month, that we find little to criticize. Your Literary Department is complete but it loses some of its importance by standing after the editorials. The paper contains many fine cuts. Where is your Athletic Department? That certainly should be added to an otherwise complete paper.

HOLMAN MAGAZINE,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE LIT,
WATERTOWN, N. Y.

GRADUATE NOTES.
JOTTINGS.

1. Harold Gregory is a member of the Glee Club at Stevens.

2. Gordon Berla is a "shining light," at Stevens.

3. Esther Pickwick is "following up" elocution at Syracuse.

4. Berwyn Neal is a member of the Freshmen Basketball Team at "Sweet Briar," Va.

5. Ethel Schaffer is a member of the Dramatic Society at Wellesley.

6. Helen Osborne and Marjorie Lee are doing commendable work at Smith.

7. Marjory Meyers is captain of a squad at Savage's. "Dot" Noble is also doing fine "gym" work at Savage's.

8. Allan Brodie has been admitted to an "Honorary Dental Club" at the University of Pennsylvania.

9. "Bob" De Pue is at Illinois doing excellent work in his studies.

10. Carl Sandell went out for the Freshmen Crew at Princeton.

11. "Stew" Hedden was manager of the Freshman Football Team, at Wesleyan.

12. "Charlie" Hopkins played on the Freshman Football Team at Dartmouth, and has just sailed to serve on the ambulance corps in France.

13. James Schaaf and Andrew Jack are at Cornell.

14. "Hubby" Coursen is at Penn State.

15. Herbert Urmy had to leave Princeton around mid-year on account of his health.

16. Harold Pope is taking up architecture at Pratt. Keep it up Harold, you'll finish building "our" cathedral yet.

17. Dudley Agar is at Lafayette.

18. W. Cox, '15, is studying at Columbia now, having changed from Princeton.

19. "Dick" Talbot is president of the senior class at Wesleyan. He had charge of conducting the sub-freshmen around the college at an entertainment arranged for them, by the undergraduates.

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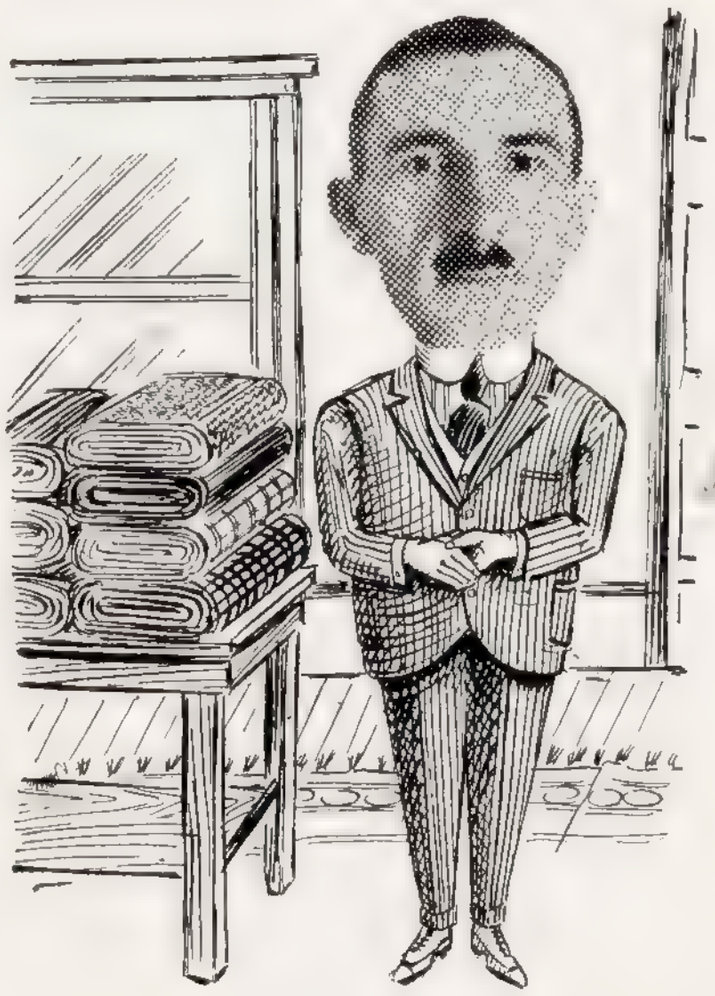

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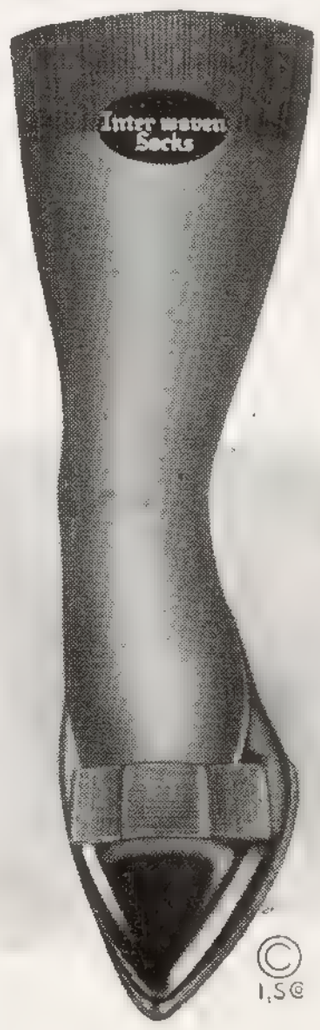

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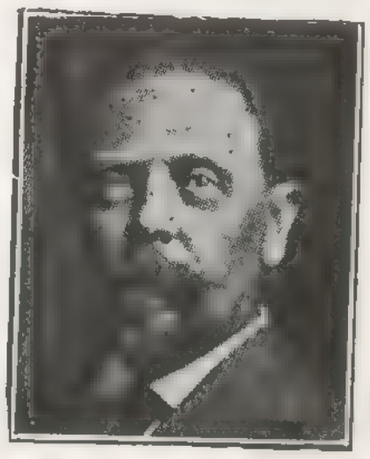

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NOTICE

On June 8th, Friday evening, at 8 o'clock the Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs will give Haydn's Creation.

This oratorio is the famous musical seeting of the formation of the world, the text of which is taken from Genesis.

Haydn who is known as the father of the symphony is also celebrated as a composer of choral works.

The Creation ranks as one of the great oratorios and it is the first time any High School in Newark has attempted to give one of these compositions.

The Clubs are to be assisted by such artists as Miss Grace Kerns, soloist of St. Bartholemew's Church, New York City; Mr. John Barnes Wells, whose Victor records have delighted so many, and Mr. Tom Daniels, who is known as one of the best bassos for a score as low as that of the Creation.

The tickets are twenty-five cents and will be on sale next week.

It is hoped the whole High School will show its appreciation of the work of the Glee Clubs and subscribe most enthusiastically to this concert.

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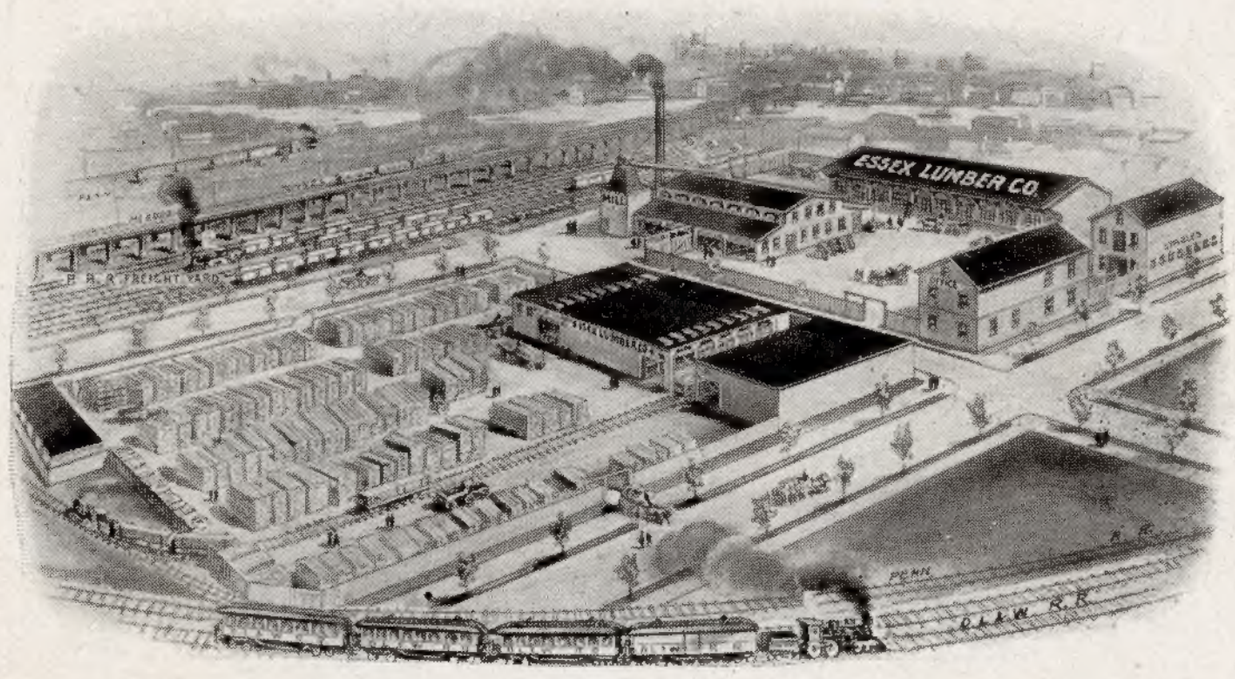

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